



# THE MEMOIR OF MISS ELLA M. COY.

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# THE MEMOIR OF MISS ELIZA MCCOY.

BY
CALVIN McCORMICK, A. M.



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TO
THE CAUSE OF MISSIONS



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### PREFACE.

THE object of this little book is twofold.
First, to preserve in permanent form a part

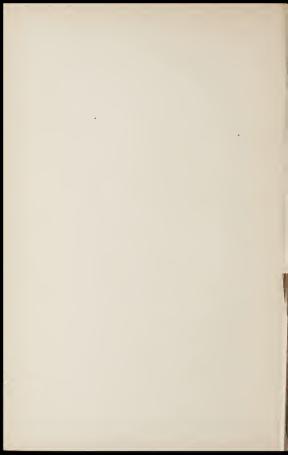
of the material relating to early missionary work among our Indian tribes.

Second, that the influence of the life thus portrayed may lead many to a greater consecration of their resources, material and immaterial, to the welfare of mankind and to the glory of God.

This volume is but a small expression of the author's affectionate regard for the sacred memory of one whose life was truly sublime.

CALVIN McCormick.

Dallas, Texas, April 5, 1892.



## INTRODUCTION.

N the following pages the author sets forth in graphic portrayal the history of one of the noblest of women.

I will not anticipate him; but I invoke a careful reading of what he has written. As a nephew and and a daily companion, he enjoyed an unusual opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with her characteristics and impulses.

There are some other facts in connection with the life of Miss Eliza McCoy and of her will that would have been to readers of this volume unknown if I had not asked the privilege of setting them forth in these introductory remarks.

No doubt every one will be keenly sensible of the heroism and queenly Christian dignity of the subject of this memoir. Such a history of such a woman could never have been written if the Christian religion were not a fact and a present realization.

Following in the line of the remarkable history

of Miss McCoy are some facts concerning her relatives, and the disposition that was made of her property. It will be noted in this memoir that, first and last, Miss McCoy's estate amounted to about \$145,-000.00. Her relatives are in all sections of the country; among them nephews, grand-nephews, nieces, grand-nieces, and up to within a few months of her death, a brother. She gave away more than \$75,000.00 worth of property during her lifetime, and in her will she gave over \$60,000.00 more to the various benevolent objects. In all the history of her benefactions, not one of these relatives of hers raised in any degree the slightest objections to her donations; and when she died, all, with one accord, combined to assist in carrying out her will just as she made it.

This is not the least wonderful of all the remarkable facts concentering around this consecrated woman's life.

We shall seldom see her like again, and it will be fully as rare for us to find such a noble family who thus stood by the wishes of their loved relative. Her nephew, John M. McCoy, Esq., has perhaps had more to do with her affairs than any one else, and has administered them with ability, integrity, and Christian consecration. While he is a Presbyterian, yet he has from the beginning co-operated with his distinguished aunt in all her noble work in behalf of our denomination.

Let all these facts, together with the history of the noble woman now in heaven, inspire those of us who are left behind to greater and more consecrated efforts for the redemption of the world.

J. B. CRANFILL.

April 4, 1892.



## THE MEMOIR OF MISS ELIZA MCCOY.

### CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRAL HISTORY.

ELIZA McCOY! A name most closely connected with all that is good, noble, and true. The sound of that name calls up emotions in the hearts of her recent intimate associates that are truly sacred. It is fraught with the sweet incense of perennial richness. It lingers as a fragrant odor most fondly cherished by the living and loving.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

The lives of the good and great are a source of inspiration to the weary workers. To learn of their efforts in behalf of humanity is to be thrilled with pathos akin to that of the story of the Cross. This consecrated life sheds a halo of most beautiful radiance all along its eventful journey. As the evening

sun, passing below the horizon, casts a lingering twilight over western vistas, so this brilliant life still shines and quickens the throbs of loving hearts through memory's glittering reflections.

Eliza McCoy's earthly pilgrimage consisted of seventy-eight years seven months and seven days. How much may be accomplished in a period so long! An earnest desire, a resolute purpose, and a long stewardship, connected with intelligent, consecrated efforts, produce results that can not be estimated by human calculations.

In considering the true worth of one's life we must take into account the impressions acquired from its daily surroundings. Thus are we better enabled to understand its actual trend, and to enter into greater sympathy with its overmastering purposes. As we observe the volume of a mighty water-course we naturally think of its origin. We can trace its source through deep cañons, over turbulent rapids, or magnificent falls to a small, quiet, sparkling spring at the mountain's top. With a keener vision we find the spring rising from the inclined strata of the subterranean reservoirs. By closer application we further learn that these hidden streams were sup-

plied by the copious clouds of snow and rain, and finally that these clouds received their moisture originally from the measureless oceans. So it is with the volume of a human life. We see a small impression made upon the young heart at the summit of some wonderful experience. Yea, we can follow this impression backward, through the lives of preceding ancestors, and find its source in the vast oceans of God's infinite Love and Truth. Hence, in this connection it is most fitting that we turn the pages of ancestral history, that we may better learn of the invisible influences that were embodied in the life of this devoted, Christian woman.

Previous to the seventeenth century the McCoy families resided in the north of Scotland. The charms of the Western Continent had not yet broken the contentment of their domestic circles. But they were not to remain long thus undisturbed. About the year 1700 James McCoy, an orphan lad of perhaps ten years, more venturesome than the others, engaged passage with the captain of a merchant ship for Baltimore. Without money or friends, he paid for his passage by tendering his services on board, and for some months after landing.

Being endowed with the sturdy qualities of his native community he was not to be daunted by discouragements. His gentle and manly demeanor elicited for him warm friends. In a few years he migrated with some enterprising citizens from Baltimore to Kentucky, and there acquired a fair education and some resources.

Subsequently he was married to a member of the illustrious family of Bruce, of Scotland, and located near Uniontown, Fayette County, Pennsylvania. His home was blessed with six children, the third of whom was William, the grandfather of the subject of this memoir. Beyond this, the personal history of this original ancestor is, to the writer, unknown.

William McCoy was married to Elizabeth Rice, and resided for several years in his native community in Pennsylvania. Being impressed with a burning desire to serve his Blessed Redeemer, he was ordained to be a minister of the Baptist denomination. To his home were given six children, of whom John, the second one, was born February 11, 1782, at the home place in Pennsylvania. Another son, Isaac, was born at the same locality, June 13, 1784, who became the great missionary to the North American Indians. His

influence will be considered in a following chapter, since it had a marked effect upon the life of our subject.

In 1790 William McCoy moved with his family to Kentucky as a pioneer preacher. Then that region was overrun by the native tribes of the forest. Many hardships and dangers awaited the early settlers. It required most wonderful courage to penetrate that unknown section. But the descendant of Robert Bruce was intrepid. The Scottish warrior of the fourteenth century lives again at the close of the eighteenth; and, through the grace of God, has become a valiant soldier of the Cross.

With his son John, William moved to the southern part of the Territory of Indiana about the beginning of the present century. There he spent the last days of his earthly career.

John McCoy and Jane Collins were united in marriage the 13th of October, 1803, and located in Clark's grant, Indiana Territory, on the east bank of Silver Creek, about ten miles north of Louisville, Ky. The time and place were such as to call forth all the energies and activities of an earnest, courageous, and vigorous manhood. The depredations of the Indians

must be warded off. The forest and field must be subdued and cultivated. The increasing wants of the family demanded enlarged supplies. There was much to keep all employed in building up a home in the midst of this dense wilderness. But the ennobling experiences of the fathers, for three generations, reappeared in the lives of the children of the fourth. The fruitful motives that ripened and reproduced on the plains of Kansas and Texas were shaped and quickened by the conflicts of Scotland, the prosperity of Pennsylvania, and the pioneer homes of Kentucky and Indiana. Thus, in the hands of our Heavenly Father, the unfolding experiences and influences surrounding our daily lives develop into an inestimable harvest for His glory and for the advancement of His earthly kingdom. In this way the Great Master Builder tests, year after year, the materials to be used in His work here below. Each test extracts some unknown quality. Each mark of the chisel reveals some new feature. The gold for the Master's use must be thoroughly purified. But the precious metal is not lost in the furnace. It issues forth at the proper time, ready for its foreordained position.

### CHAPTER II.

### INFLUENCES.

ELIZA McCOV was born April 1, 1813, at the family residence on Silver Creek, in Clark County, Indiana. She was the seventh of ten children, all of whom attained mature years, except one older sister, who died in her eleventh year.

Eliza's father had acquired a large tract of land, upon which he settled at the time of his marriage. This was, in great part, a dense forest. It required most constant exertions, such as were well-known to the early settlers, to establish the pioneer home. Every effort must be employed to yield a sufficient income. The children were called upon to contribute their share of industry and economy. These were great and valuable lessons, to be treasured up by the members of this family-essential not only for those times, but for the future, not alone for those individuals, but for others coming under their influence in after years.

Each settler's family was compelled to depend upon itself very greatly for means of subsistence. There were no near neighbors, no markets convenient for the exchange of products. Articles of clothing were manufactured at home. Many of the present necessities of life were then regarded as luxuries.

The early history of this home in the wilderness is no exception to that of other pioneer homes in our country. But time and toil brought their rewards. Neighbors became more "neighborly" in proximity and cordiality. The native savages reluctantly yielded to the higher civilization that was being established. The forest trembled, swayed, and crashed under the vigorous blows of the sturdy woodman's ax. The soil, thus unburdened, teemed with an abundant harvest of the cereals. Markets were being established, roads were being constructed, and towns were being built. Prosperity at last dawned upon the new settlement, and was richly blessing its endeavors.

But daily toil was not the absorbing feature of these early times. Material advancement was not the chief characteristic of those families. A nobler influence than that of making a living merely pervaded their daily lives. They possessed correct ideas of hospitality, generosity, and sociability. To these were added a high degree of intelligence and morality; all of which were encircled with a deep feeling of genuine piety. After the homes were established, then the churches and schools were organized. Enterprise was manifesting itself in all directions. The family altar must soon expand into an altar for the entire neighborhood, without losing any of its efficacy. Those people must needs worship as well as plow.

In this connection, "The History of the Oldest Baptist Church in Indiana," published in 1880, affords some very interesting extracts. The following indicates the inception of this organization:

On November 22, 1798, a Baptist Church was constituted by two men and their wives, under the direction of Rev. Isaac Edwards, a Baptist minister of Kentucky, upon the Principles of the Baptist Confession of Faith adopted at Philadelphia A. D. 1765. This church was named "Fourteen-Mile," and first convened on Owen's Creek (afterwards called Fourteen-Mile Creek), four miles northeast of Charlestown, Indiana.—Hist. Oldest Bapt. Church in Indiana, p. 5.

In the summer of 1801 this organization was moved to Silver Creek, about five miles west of Charlestown, and in 1803 it was designated the Silver Creek Church.—*Idem*, pp. 6, 7.

This change of location rendered this church more central for the majority of its members. There it was about two miles from the residence of the McCoy family. Thus the work of grace began early among these settlers.

Again we read:

On the 23d of October, 1824, John McCoy was received by experience into the full fellowship of this church. He served it very acceptably as a trustee, a clerk, and a deacon for several years.—*Idem*, pp. 26, 29, 31.

Thus we find a place of common worship duly constituted, and becoming a means of great good. And we learn that the father of this family was a prominent member of this vigorous organization. Hence the children were early brought under the influence of religious instructions, both in the family circle and in the community.

The demands for religious hope and consolation at that time were indeed very urgent. From the burdens of a pioneer life one could turn with radiant hope to anticipate the joys of the heavenly mansions. These sacred influences had both an immediate and ultimate effect upon the lives of all the members of this family.

In 1829 Eliza McCoy, at the age of sixteen, united with this community church, and was baptized by her pastor, Rev. Isaac Worrell. She was the first of the nine surviving children to make this public profession of religion. Being of a warm and sympathetic nature, her soul was filled with overflowing love to her Savior, and an ardent desire for the spiritual welfare of mankind; a beautiful and noble example for the others of the same home—one most worthy of universal commendation and imitation. All of her sisters and brothers finally made a similar profession; and after they had been gathered to their eternal home she was the last one to follow them to that better land.

A younger brother, William, became a minister of marked ability. He was extensively known and revered throughout Indiana, serving two churches with wonderful fidelity and most cheering success for a period of forty-seven years. He continued his exalted labors until within a very few months of his death in May, 1891.

The enterprise manifested in behalf of religious affairs was also observed in the direction of schools. Religion and education were the watchwords of their lives of consecrated vigilance. "Christianity and culture" was their cherished motto, unwritten, yet not unlived.

Miss McCoy was permitted by circumstances to acquire a good education during the early years of her life, notwithstanding the pressure of household duties. The physical toil was an incentive to mental activity. In the relaxation of the former the latter was doubly increased. The development bodily served as a solid foundation for advancement mentally. This higher growth was vigorous, rapid, persistent, substantial, and truly consecrated.

For several years this home church enjoyed a good degree of prosperity. But the faith of its members was soon to be tested, on account of the gradual introduction of a new doctrine, as shown by the following extract

During the years 1828–9, the teachings of Alexander Campbell were accepted by a majority of the members of this church, which resulted finally in this majority voting out of its Constitution the Articles of Faith upon which it was constituted. Whereupon ten members, including Deacon McCoy and his wife, being in the minority, promptly withdrew on the 23d of May, 1829, and declared themselves to be the

"Silver Creek Baptist Church." They were duly recognized as such by a regular council the following August, and received into the Lost River Association, of Washington County, the next September. *Idem*, pp. 7, 8.

But this trouble was growing into another of still greater proportions. These teachings, together with Antinomianism, having penetrated this Association, caused another dissension, in this same minority church, in 1834. This resulted in the exclusion of Deacon McCoy and four others from this church, since they failed to conform to the advice of this Association, which advice was in opposition to missionary and benevolent societies.—*Idem, p.* 8.

These five excluded members were promptly received into the Salem Baptist Church. Thus the denominational battle for missions, Sunday-schools, education, and temperance was raging, and threatening the prosperity and life of this Old First Church of Indiana. There was only one position for Deacon McCoy to occupy in this contest. Right manfully he took up the battle. "On being admonished, John McCoy was told that missions, Sunday-schools, tract societies, and temperance were of the devil and his work." To this he made reply:

Sir, do you say that these societies are of the devil, and are his work? I tell you nay; but, through the blessing of God, the influence of these for good will extend to the ends of the earth. Sir, you might as well expect to turn the waters of the Ohio River upward by standing on its bank at the falls, and throwing straw by straw into its current, as to expect to stop the good influence of Sunday-schools and missionary societies.—*Idem*, p. 9.

The ardor thus manifested by the father was vigorously championed by the children. The zeal of this local contest for missions expands under the direction of Divine Providence, within one decade, into the consecrated services of the missionary to the far West. Apparent defeat leaps into pronounced victory. Exclusion for missionary zeal at home? See its culmination! It deftly carries the teachings of our Blessed Savior to the neglected race of the distant plains. Such was another impression stamped on the life of this young convert.

Its effect can readily be imagined by the reader. Doubtless, as her toils on the mission field increased and discouragements multiplied, this missionary often thought of her father's struggles in this behalf, and, remembering the Divine promises of help, took courage and renewed her activities. Even the wrath of man can be turned to His praise.

But other features of this local contest were continued, as well as that of missions. Deacon Lewis McCoy, another son, organized and successfully conducted Sunday-schools, prayer meetings, and temperance societies in the very midst of this opposition for a period of forty years, until his death in 1874. In this work his sister Eliza and other relatives were efficient teachers and helpers.

At the same time the father persevered in maintaining his position. A new and noble impulse had visited the denomination in Indiana, in striking contrast with the previous invasion. A desire for advanced education was springing np. Accordingly, in this memorable year of 1834, John McCoy was enrolled as one of the fourteen founders of Franklin College. He was a constant member of its Board for twenty-five years, until his death.

This benevolent work was another influence deeply affecting the after life of this devoted messenger of glad tidings.

Near the age of twenty, after an attendance, more or less interrupted, at the home schools, Eliza McCoy

became a pupil in the County Seminary located at Wilmington, Indiana. The principal of this school was her older brother Isaac, who was a graduate of Hanover College. There she met for the first time, Sarah Ann Osgood, who was her schoolmate, and afterwards her associate in missionary service. Her advancement there was rapid and truly satisfactory. In addition to her own work as a pupil she assisted her brother in imparting instruction to some of the lower classes.

Following this pupilage of perhaps three years she attended the Seminary located at Charlestown, Indiana. At this place she was near her home, and permitted to mingle with the loved ones about the family hearth, and to administer of the hope and comfort that adorned her own joyful and buoyant nature.

By means of these two advanced schools she was enabled to acquire a good degree of intellectual training, which in reality exceeded the advantages of others of the family in that direction. But her acquisitions and advantages were not used selfishly. She was ever alert to help those in need of assistance. Her superior training had not removed her in the least from the intimacy of the home-circle. She was the light and cheer of all.

But another sad event was casting its mellowing influence upon her young life. On the 1st of September, 1835, her mother was taken by the dark messenger to the realms of eternal Light. Thus the cares of her father's household rested, in great part, upon this daughter. She most cheerfully responded, and renewed her energies in behalf of those near and dear to her. She was soon recognized as the friend and helper of those needing sympathy, and her presence was eagerly sought by all. Her devotion as a pupil was surpassed by that as a daughter. Her father had almost attained three score years. The anxieties and toils of his active life, and his bereavements as well, were producing a marked effect upon his bodily energies. Here, then, was an opportunity for usefulness, until called to a wider range of activity. Without in the least neglecting any of these duties she also found some time to engage in teaching. For several sessions she and her devoted friend, Miss Osgood, were thus employed until the year of their departure to the mission field.

Such were the surroundings and influences of her

early life. Such the school of experience in which she learned. Such the path of Christian duty in which she walked. Such the way in which the Spirit prepared her heart to hear the call soon to be made for workers in the remote regions of her native land. Such was her devotion and consecration that the call must not come unheeded. As in nature's garden storm and sunshine are the conditions of increasing ripeness, so in this instance the purpose became fully matured by the frequent contests of the heart.

## CHAPTER III.

## MISSIONARY ZEAL.

THE time is fast approaching when a new impulse is about to take possession of the life of Miss McCoy. All of the earnestness, ardor, and zeal of her emotional nature are soon to be poured out as an offering of sweet incense upon the altar of self-sacrifice. To the work of Indian missions she was led willingly by the pressure of transpiring events, as well as that of early impressions. The chief factors operating in that direction were the consecrated efforts of her devoted uncle, Rev. Isaac McCoy, to whom reference was made in a former chapter. He had manifested an unbounded interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Indians ever since he united with the church in 1801. He lived among them, and taught them, upon his own responsibility, until he received a regular appointment as missionary October 17, 1817, from the Board of Managers of the Baptist Missionary Convention of the United States. After the hazardous efforts of ten years he succeeded in geting Congress to establish the present Indian Territory, which then embraced the State of Kansas also. He hoped that within that territory the various tribes would be comparatively free from the intemperance of the dissolute, and better fitted to receive religious instructions. These arduons toils are memorialized in his "History of Baptist Indian Missions," published in 1840. In this great work, to which he had devoted all of his energies, he enjoyed the highest esteem and warmest friendship of Rev. Spencer H. Cone, of New York City. To him he had confided many of his plans in the early part of his work.

The following extracts from the "Life of Spencer H. Cone," published in 1857, show the admiration with which this zealous worker was regarded by his excellent friend:

That two such hearts as his and Spencer H. Cone's should beat in unison; that their trust and confidence in each other should be without limit or reserve, was a thing of course. To know each other but a little was to ripen acquaintance into friendship; to know each other better, and have their hearts laid into each other's hands, as they soon were like open

books where every pure and generous thought was plainly written, was to deepen friendship into a loving brotherhood strong as that of Jonathan and David.

In Mr. Cone he found a kindred spirit capable of holding all the threads of the difficult web it was necessary to weave.

Rev. Mr. Cone, of New York, was a friend who never forgot us, whether we were near or far off, who kept himself informed of our circumstances, and whose generosity was equal to his zeal.—*Life of Spencer H. Cone, pp.* 283, 295–6.

It is indeed gratifying to reflect that the burdened missionary received so much consideration from this noble man, and from other brethren as well.

Public interest in behalf of the moral welfare of the Indians was steadily increasing year by year. Finally the Christian thought and activity of the Western states were completely enveloped in this new conflagration. No wonder that this enhanced interest inflamed the tender heart of this niece of the illustrious Judson of the North American Indians.

This agitation assumed form publicly at a spe-

cial inceting held in Louisville, June, 1842, during "the Anniversary of the Western Baptist Publication and Sunday-School Society." The object of this meeting was "to consider the importance of a western organization for the promotion of Indian Missions." After due deliberation a report, in the form of a "circular," was adopted, and commended to the cooperation of the denomination. This circular embraced an address, prepared by the Rev. Isaac McCoy, to the Baptist Churches, Associations, Conventions, Societies, and individuals in the United States, inviting them to attend a meeting in Cincinnati the following October for the purpose of perfecting an organization in behalf of the Indians. The following extracts, taken from this address, denote the warmth of feeling manifested in these most laudable efforts:

The condition of the aborigines of North America exhibit claims upon American Christians for help too strong to be disregarded, especially by Christians in the Valley of the Mississippi. We are prosperous and happy in the land which once was theirs, whilst they are wretched by our side. Their woes have been augmented and their numbers diminished by their

acquaintance with white men, notwithstanding the latter were termed *Christians* and were in possession of the Bible. \* \* \* \* \* But whilst we lament the fearful diminution of their numbers, let us not forget that several millions yet exist in the vast regions occupied by red men. All tribes having ere this come in contact with white men are wasting away under the blasting influences of intercourse with them, with the exception of some who have found what, it is hoped, will prove to be a *permanent home* and a *land of rest*.

By authority of the Government of the United States about ninety thousand, belonging to about twenty tribes, some of them indigenous, but the greater part immigrant, are now settled in a country west of the States of Arkansas and Missouri and southwest of the Missouri River. This territory, assigned to red men, is about six hundred miles long from north to south, and two hundred miles wide, and in its resources and its locality is favorable for the improvement of the condition of its inhabitants. There the Indians may acquire national character and self-respect-may feel the influence of incentives to industry and virtue and improvement in general, and, to use their figurative style, in the cheerfulness of a clear day may be relieved from the sadness of a dark and stormy and long night. Hopes inspired by this favorable change in circumstances are already developing themselves. In numerous instances the hunter has laid aside his bow and taken hold of the plow—has quit the chase and directed his attention to the herding of his own cattle, and to the cultivation of his own field. \* \* \* A desire for education is springing up, and the people have become accessible to the doctrines and teachings of the Bible; and about one thousand within the Indian Territory are in the fellowship of the Baptist denomination, besides many others who give evidence of genuine piety, who belong to other denominations of Christians.

The practicability of Indian civilization is not problematical; a considerable number within the Indian Territory have already attained to that state, and their susceptibility of religious impressions is demonstrated with equal clearness. Under a deep sense of obligation to the red men, in view of the past, the dreadful miseries and ultimate extermination of their race, which, humanly speaking, hang portentous on the contingency of our action, the inviting openings which present themselves for doing them good, by improving which we may become instrumental in their national and their eternal salvation, it is peculiarly painful to know that our efforts have hitherto been so few and feeble! \* \* \* \* Shall we sleep over this important subject, and retrograde to inaction at a time when calls for efficient efforts are peculiarly impressive? God forbid!

In response to this address seventy-one delegates assembled in the Ninth Street Baptist Church, of Cincinnati, at eleven o'clock Thursday morning, October 27, 1842. This body was designated the "Western Baptist Convention," and remained in session three days. Its delegates were from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Indian Territory, New York, Massachusetts, and England. After being properly instituted, this convention immediately accomplished the organization of "The American Indian Mission Association," with headquarters at Louisville. Rev. Isaac McCoy was made its Corresponding Secretary and General Agent.—

Proceedings Western Bapt. Conv., 1842, pp. 3–12.

This Association became a great and mighty power in carrying on this missionary work, until its termination in 1855, when it transferred its work to the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. Wonderful results followed this organized effort. Many of the churches enlarged their gifts that they might contribute to this work. Articles of clothing and provisions, in addition to cash, were cheerfully given in order to sustain the workers. Much credit is due those home churches for the

promptness of their responses to this work. At such a time as this, under such auspicious circumstances, when public interest upon this subject was at a white heat, Eliza McCoy offered to become a missionary. Her application was presented in 1844, when she was thirty-one years of age. Her own and Miss Osgood's services were promptly accepted by this Board of Missions.

The following letters convey a much better idea of this appointment than can be expressed otherwise:

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 22, 1844.

Miss Eliza McCoy.

DEAR SISTER: On the seventeenth day of June last the Board of Managers of the American Indian Mission Association appointed you a missionary, to labor among the Putawatomie Indians within the Indian Territory. You will be expected to teach a school, and in every way in which you may have opportunity to impart religious instruction, by means of Sabbath-schools, religious visits, and conversations, prayers, etc. The people to whom you go are susceptible of high mental improvement, and you will, as far as practicable, contribute to the elevation of their character. The history of the world shows that in all ages the improvement of females has been

too much neglected. Your labors to instruct the females of the red race in domestic virtues and all useful knowledge, and especially in the duties and doctrines of Christianity, will be bringing salutary influences not only to bear upon the more obdurate sex. but it will be introducing those influences into the nursery, where the mouldings of mind and character are begun. Neither the Indians nor any other race of people can be elevated to the blessings of wholesome laws, intelligence in arts and in science, humanity and happiness, while the female half are degraded in a condition below their proper sphere; and especially if we would hope for a community to become religious we should promote piety among the females. The Board have been deeply affected with the meek distrust in yourself and the humble hopes you indulge of usefulness manifested by you in your communications on this subject; nor would they say aught to cause you to depart from the feet of Jesus, where others have meekly sat before you. Yet, be assured your calling is high, honorable, and involving great responsibilities. Your success, like that of the most eminently useful on earth, depends on the blessing of God. The two following sentences may form an appropriate motto. "I am of myself less than nothing and vanity," but "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Remember, too, that in this world you will have tribulation. Could you

correctly anticipate the character of your trials you would be better prepared to meet them. But they will commonly be of a nature unexpected; and if not so fully understood by us as to enable us to feel appropriate sympathy, they will all be known to God. Let the people with whom you shall mingle see that Christ and His religion is the burden or your thoughts, and the pattern from which you borrow the example that you furnish to others. We will contribute to your comfort as far as practicable. The sum of one hundred dollars in cash per annum has been voted for your support after reaching the field of your labors. This will probably be inadequate; but it is hoped that the deficiency can be supplied by donations in clothing or other articles which are not cash. Please to keep a journal, from which forward to us, frequently, such extracts as you may suppose will be interesting, and write us in such manner as you may deem proper. They who contribute to the support of missions are gratified with knowing their condition.

You will find among the people to whom you go some who are pious, and by all you will, we doubt not, be received with kindness. The brethren Lykins will assist in introducing you to the people, and it will be their duty and their pleasure to afford you counsel and assistance in all your affairs. In every matter of doubt or serious difficulty, or emergency of

any kind, you are requested to appeal to one or both of them. While we feel confident that no restrictions unpleasant to you will embarrass your own views in regard to operations, we desire you to pay due respect to the views of the elder brother Lykins, who has had much experience in missionary matters, and who is an agent of the Board in the management of the affairs of our stations. May the nature of your employment and the appreciation of God cheer you, and Heaven's blessings be richly enjoyed by you. Signed by order and in behalf of the Board.

ISAAC McCov,
Cor. Sec., etc.

Louisville, Ky., July 22, 1844.

To all whom it may concern:

This is to certify that the bearer, Miss Eliza McCoy, was on the seventeenth day of June, 1844, appointed a missionary to the Indians by the Board of Managers of the American Indian Mission Association in Louisville, Ky. She has been instructed to labor as a school-teacher among the Putawatomies, on the Osage River, within the Indian Territory, and in various ways to impart religious instruction to the extent of her opportunities. This appointment has been made upon testimonials full, clear, and unequivocal in favor of her talents and piety and devotedness to the interests of religion and the welfare of fellow

beings. She leaves relatives and acquaintances to whom she is exceedingly dear, and to tear away from whom is like disturbing the strings about her heart and theirs, to make her residence with strangers of another race of people. She exchanges the comforts, refinements, and prospects of this land of civilization and religion for whatever may be experienced of a different character in the Indian's land. And all this self-denial is without the hope of any pecuniary reward beyond what is barely sufficient for her support for the time being. She goes to assist in elevating the degraded Indian female to the sphere in mental culture, domestic virtues, and Christianity for which the sex has been designed by the Author of our existence. She works on earth upon a thorny spot, but will not receive her reward in full until she gets to heaven.

Fervent prayers for her comfort and usefulness follow her, and she is most affectionately commended to favor and esteem wherever she may be. Especially is she commended to the Putawatomies, to whom we trust she will be the instrument of communicating lasting blessings.

Signed by order and in behalf of the Board.

ISAAC McCov,

Cor. Sec., etc.

This appointment was followed by busy preparations for her departure. There was much to be done: many friends claiming a portion of her time; many duties to be performed; many articles of comfort to be prepared for the long journey; many regretful tears to be restrained; many pleadings for Divine wisdom and grace to sustain her at the hour of parting. Thus she was employed until the appointed time.

At the meeting of the Bethel Baptist Association with the Lost River Church in August, 1844, she and Miss Osgood were set apart as missionaries with appropriate services. This meeting was most solemn. A vast number of friends were in attendance on this memorable occasion. All were deeply touched by the spirit of devotion and consecration manifested by these missionaries. Two happy young lives laid upon the sacrificial altar for the advancement of the degraded and obscure! What a bright reflection that just at the dawn of better times in Indiana, after the period of pioneer hardships, with the multiplication of the comforts of a happy home, that these young and attractive women, through Divine grace, could turn away from these joys and become the

messengers of glad tidings to a benighted race! O heroism! Where art thou found? Not only on the field of carnage; not only before the shattering gales upon the trackless deep; not only at the desk of the molder of public opinion; but within the inner consciousness of a timid, inexperienced, gentle, thoughtful woman. It bounds with every pulsation of the noble heart; it penetrates every cell with the benignant inspiration of a consecrated life. The moral hero is the brayest of all.

At last the day arrives for their departure. On the 24th of September, 1844, she and her devoted companion, Miss Osgood, started from Louisville on a steamboat for Westport Landing, Missouri, on the Missouri River. This method of traveling at that time was very popular. Westport, which is the present site of Kansas City, was then the diverging point for many of the overland routes to the far West and Southwest. This trip occupied nearly three weeks, and the fare was twenty-five dollars. After landing they enjoyed a brief rest with relatives, and then proceeded to their respective places of labor. Miss Osgood was appointed to the Stockbridge tribe, but for some reason was sent to the Wea tribe, in the

vicinity of the present city of Paola, Kansas, where she remained in active service until her death, in 1852.

The Putawatomie tribe, to which Miss McCoy was sent, was located at that time on the Osage River, perhaps fifty miles southwest of Westport. At these two stations missionary work had been carried on for several months.

Dr. Johnston Lykins and wife, a daughter of Rev. Isaac McCov, were appointed missionaries by the Board of this Indian Mission Association on the 2d of February, 1843. He had been connected with Indian Missions for twenty years, and was a very successful physician. At the special request of the chief of the Putawatomies he and his wife were located and continued with that tribe until her death. September 23, 1844. After that sad bereavement he was General Missionary in charge of all the stations of this Board in that territory. On the 11th of March, 1843, Rev. David Lykins and wife were appointed by this same Board to the Wea tribe. On the 19th of August, 1844, Rev. Robert Simerwell and wife were employed by this Board to labor in behalf of the Putawatomies. They had been connected with this and other tribes about twenty years previously in Michigan. In the spring of 1844 the Putawatomies had manifested an unusual desire for the advantages of schools and religious instructions. One of their number said: "I had never before known such a *stir* among them about religion. They ask for the bread of life, but who is willing to carry it to them?"

This question was answered *personally* by Miss Eliza McCoy. Several acres had been secured for the use of the Wea tribe for school and farm purposes, but were not fully occupied until 1845.

In the meantime Dr. Johnston Lykins had translated the Gospel by Matthew and the Acts of the Apostles into the Putawatomie dialect. "These translations were designed not only for the use of such as could already read, but also to be used as a school-book for those who desired to learn to read. It is printed in the New System in which the idea of spelling is excluded. The types are merely characters, denoting sounds and the various positions of the organs of speech, while speaking. An unlettered Putawatomie can thus learn to read in a few days."—Proc. Am. Ind. Miss. Assn., 1844, p. 19.

Such was the condition of affairs at these two stations at this period. The prospects for usefulness were truly encouraging. The time was most opportune; the demand most urgent.

Thus we have observed the growth of interest in Indian Missions previous to and at the time that our missionary entered upon this great work. We have recalled the leading events attending her, while finally preparing for this engagement. We have seen the hand of Providence steadily leading her, step by step, until she is fully fitted for the strenuous demands of this noble endeavor. We are now prepared to observe her life-work while engaged in active missionary service.

## CHAPTER IV.

## MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

"Ye Christian heralds go proclaim Salvation in Immanuel's name, To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there."

THE title of this chapter introduces us to an enlarged department of the activities of Miss McCoy. This is truly the crowning achievement of all her undertakings. In this connection is given in great part the correspondence of Miss McCoy from the mission field. By this means the reader may become better informed of this part of her work, in all of its various relations, than by any other method. The following letter written soon after their arrival at Westport, tells of the gracious Providence that ever protects the devoted servants of the Most High.

Westport, Mo., October 28, 1844.

My Dear Father: I write you this morning to give a more minute account of the tornado which

passed through here than you will probably have through the papers. The wind began to blow Wednesday, the 23d, and continued about the same until Thursday evening, when it increased, and was accompanied with a little rain and hail. The hail was large, but only lasted a few minutes. We saw the appearance of fire in small particles, and heard the most singular noise. I can not describe it, for it was different from anything I had ever heard before. It seemed but a moment and we were all in the ruins of the house, which was a two-story frame. \* \* \* My head was cut in several places, and my left side and right shoulder bruised and the skin broken \* \* \* As soon as we could leave, it was observed in what direction the timber was standing, and we immediately started to seek a shelter. We found a house after walking a half mile. The school-house and one dwelling in Westport were blown over. The gable ends of the house in which we were stopping were carried upwards of fifty yards, and the entire house was thrown from its foundation. Some of the large beams were taken fifty feet. Pieces of furniture were found a great distance in the woods. Some of the smaller timbers were found the distance of a mile. Some of the bed clothes and wearing apparel were found in the tops of trees. Ten persons were killed near Independence, one of whom was the mother of an infant about six weeks

old, which was found some distance in the woods unhurt. Those who saw the storm coming said the air appeared to be filled with electricity. They could compare it to nothing but shooting stars. Others said it appeared to them like balls of fire. I saw the light distinctly when the windows burst out, but thought it was fire. We all noticed the singular appearance of the clouds towards the west. First they appeared red, then yellow, and after awhile the red and yellow mingled, presenting a curious appearance. \* \* \* I am certain I never saw or felt so plainly the uncertainty of life and the necessity of being prepared for death. The mercy of a kind Providence was so strikingly manifested in the preservation, not only of my life but that of all of cousin Calvin's family, that I feel it would be wrong to complain either of loss of property or of wounds. Why were we spared while others were taken, and one even in the same yard? Indeed, I cannot tell how any of us escaped. Surely it was all of the mercy of Him who controls the storm and holds the winds in His hand. O that I could profit by it as I should.

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZA.

This was a most thrilling experience, and one often referred to in after life. Let us recall some of the impressions of the missionaries at their stations. In a few days after the tornado they continued their journey, reaching the station of the Wea tribe before nightfall. The only lodgings was the cabin of Battiste, the chief of that tribe. A pallet of straw was provided in a small room, and there these two missionaries retired, not to rest, but to spend the night. Without, the wolves kept a continuous howl all night. Within, homesickness, fear, and dejection brought bitter tears for their comfort and dismal repinings for their cheer. Such was the first night within the circle of their future toil and usefulness. But He who binds up the broken hearts brought solace and consolation to these depressed workers in the Master's vineyard. With characteristic bravery they began the work to which they had been assigned. Something of their new surroundings, as they found them, is set forth in the following letter.

PUTAWATOMIE STATION, INDIAN TERRITORY, February 8, 1845.

To the Baptist Church in Jeffersonville.

My VERY DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS: Though I am deprived of the privilege of meeting with you to-day, I trust I am not quite forgotten.

While you meet to transact business pertaining to the church, and converse and pray, will you then remember one who was once a sharer in those sacred privileges, and who now often weeps at the thought of being so widely separated from dearest friends, whose names with memory will remain until the last emotion of the heart is stilled in death? To-day, as imagination views you meeting at the house of God, reality finds me alone in my room in a heathen land. And, on to-morrow, when you shall have assembled around our Heavenly Father's board to celebrate the death and sufferings of our Blessed Savior, my vacant seat will tell that I am far from the place where Christians meet. Never is the strength of Christian love fully realized until we are about to sever the dear uniting cord. O! then it is that "those strong, unspeakable ties that bind us to our home and friends" twine most fondly round the heart, and we feel that life itself is not more dear than the scenes and objects that we are leaving. Never did the haunts of childhood appear so attractive, never did the spot where sleeps the dust of those whose loss we have deeply mourned appear so solemnly sacred. Never did the place of secret prayer reflect with so much brilliancy the Savior's love. But though we leave we can not forget. No, I may be long and widely separated from those hallowed places, and from the church of God, where Christ's free grace

I have tasted, yet the love I have for those of whom it is composed will ever awaken cherished echoes of memory. To that loved place will fancy often convev me, there to indulge in reflecting upon the scenes of by-gone days, when with you I shared all the blessings of civilized and religious society. \* \* \* Yes, those hallowed reminiscences are graven as with the point of a diamond on memory's page. Always, every Sabbath, the familiar countenance of every member is brought vividly before me. I see you all seated in your respective places listening to the truth of the precious gospel, and rejoice that you are thus blessed, and that I was once a partaker with you. But a sense of my unworthiness often rises with full force before me. I think of the many, many unimproved opportunities of usefulness both in the church and Sabbath-school. I remember, too, the tears that watered the ardent entreaties of our beloved pastor when he spoke of the coldness of the church, the carelessness of sinners, and the worth of the immortal soul; and wonder how I could seem so indifferent. But as the past can not be reclaimed, I can only seek forgiveness whilst I endeavor to be more faithful in the future. For this I solicit your daily prayers, \* \* \* You perhaps will be interested in hearing something about the people with whom \* \* \* The Putawatomies are, in point of improvement, in the rear of some other tribes, and of others in the advance. The only school among them, except mine, is a boarding school conducted by the Catholics. Owing to a number of the Indians being under the necessity of taking their families some distance from home to seek their daily food by lunnting, my school is small. Yet it affords me much pleasure to labor for the instruction of a few of the poor, unfortunate children of the forest. If I can be neseful it will more than be compensated for: "For all the losses I sustain, of honor, riches, friends." We have also a small Sabbath-school, and on each Thursday afternoon a female prayer-meeting, and regular preaching on the Sabbath and on Wednesdays.

Dear brethren and sisters, permit me to entreat you to remember those unfortunate people when before the family altar, and when met at the monthly conference, or in the general prayer-meeting. Within the last few days we have been visited by some of the Osages and Kauzaus, two tribes much less civilized than the Putawatomies. To give you some idea of their condition I refer you to the following extract from my journal: "February 2, Sabbath morning: I am forcibly reminded of the command of our Savior to clothe the destitute, and feed the hungry. A poor man came in whose costume consisted alone of a blanket nearly worn out, and a pair of moccasins. When he was offered food he appeared pleased, but

said he would not eat himself, but take it to his little boy. As I thought of that little boy destitute of clothing, suffering with hunger, whilst shivering over a smoking fire without even a bark wigwam to shield him from the piercing wind as it sweeps across the prairies, remembrance brings before me many happy children in Jeffersonville who are comfortably clad, and who have food enough and to spare, and who, perhaps, while I am looking on so much poverty and wretchedness, are wending their way to the precious Sabbath-school, where they are taught the truths of the Blessed Bible and hear of a Savior who redeemed them from eternal death. But, alas! alas! this Sabbath morning finds this little boy without one to tell him that joyful news, or even that it is the Sabbath day. O, if Sabbath-school teachers could see the deplorable state of the Indians, how different would be their instructions to their classes, and how different would the children regard their privileges, if they understood aright. Whilst I am writing, another man has entered, whose only garment is a piece of a buffalo robe."

My dear brethren and sisters, if my name is still on the church book, and I am thought worthy, I would prefer letting it remain, as there is no church nearer than the Shawanoe, which is about fifty miles. In my present situation I could not attend meetings, or enjoy any church privileges. I would therefore prefer leaving my membership where my affections are centered, at least for a while. Again, dearest friends, allow me to solicit an interest in your prayers, also request a letter. Every line and every word would be a balm in solitude's lonely hour.

Adieu,

ELIZA McCOY.

PUTAWATOMIE STATION, I. T., March 19, 1845.

My Dear Father: Your more than welcome letter was received in due time. \* \* \* My school, though small, requires the greater portion of my time. I think I am not mistaken in saying it is the most tiresome and trying to my health of any employment I could have; to be tied down from day to day with from five to twelve scholars. For while the labor is not sufficient to keep the mind and body in lively exercise, it prevents an engagement in anything else.

You request me to give you a description of the country, the population and the number of white families. Owing to my recent arrival here you will not expect an accurate description. The Putawatomie country is perhaps as beautiful as any uncultivated country could be. The soil is invariably good. As there is scarcely any boggy or marshy land, it wears a healthful appearance. The growth of timber

on the low lands consists of black walnut, hackberry, buckeye, white and red elm, red-bud, ash, black and white hickory, pawpaw, and lynn. On the uplands are found abundantly all the various kinds of oak common to Indiana. Hazel bushes, plum, crabapple, wild cherry, and persimmon grow in the margin of the prairies in great abundance, also the winter grape.

Among my old acquaintances of Indiana I may mention as absent here that well-known pest to lazy bones, the beech; also the stately poplar, the white walnut, black guin, sassafras, and spice-wood. All these, however, grow in the state of Missouri, except the beech and poplar. The beautiful and useful sugar tree is only found occasionally. You will readily see from what I have written that while riding over the prairies we are not annoyed with beech roots and swamps. But I would feel guilty in saying anything against beech roots, or any other production of my own native land. To give you some idea of the aspect of the country, I would say that it has the appearance of having been one universal prairie, and viewed from many places still has that appearance, as the eye passes over the summit levels; and also the fact that the timber is mostly confined to the streams and ravines.

The larger streams are found running on rocky beds about one hundred feet below the tops of the

bluffs, which correspond in height with the general level of the country. Along the larger water-courses the land is flat, and very rich, varying from one half to two or three miles wide, from the base of a line of bluffs on the eastern side of the streams. On these plains are mounds of various sizes and shapes, all natural, and agreeing in height with the bluffs, and detached from them by currents of water. One marked peculiarity of these and the bluffs near the water is, that a stratum of limestone of several feet in thickness presents itself everywhere equidistant from the surface of the ground or summit level of the land. These rocks, on examination, are found to be secondary limestone, containing bivalves of large size and very beautiful. Fragments of encrinites are also found. If allowed to speculate upon the eternal silence that hangs over this beautiful land, I would say that the liuge waves of some unknown ocean once rolled over the place where I now sit. Near this place at the forks of Putawatomie Creek is found one of the mounds mentioned above. It is about four hundred steps long on the top, by sixty wide. From measurement it proved to be one hundred and twelve feet above the level of the plain upon which it stands. About five feet below the surface, limestone occurs in thick layers. Some wandering Indians, for some superstitious purpose not fully known, have piled a low column of stones at each end. On one is

a small pole with a white flag. Approaching this mound from the south, it resembles a large steamer in the distance. Indeed, so striking is the illusion, that it has been called the steamboat mound. But by the western Indians, the mule mound. They say that the Sac Indians encamped on the top of it; that a mule sent by the Great Spirit came from a near creek, related many strange stories respecting it, and then entered into the mound, where it still remains.

The Indian population in this settlement is about five hundred; including Sugar Creek we have about fifteen hundred. These added to the Ottawas, Chippawas, and Weas make about twenty-two hundred under the sub-agency. In this neighborhood are two white families, both eager in trading with the Indians. In improvement of every kind the settlement at Sugar Creek, fifteen miles distant, is far in the advance of ours. There they almost all live in houses and wear clothes made like white people. There the Catholics have their station, where they reap the fruit of Baptist labor. \* \* \* \*

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZA.

Our missionary has fully entered upon her work, and is meeting with some of the testing experiences of her surroundings. But a Merciful Providence protects and encourages the worker.

PUTAWATOMIE BAPTIST MISSION STATION, May 6, 1845.

My DEAR FATHER: I have received two letters from you since I last wrote. I am very grateful for your kindness in writing so frequently. At present our prospects are gloomy, but I suppose we must expect dark as well as bright seasons, and walk by faith. I don't despair, nor feel the least inclined to abandon the field. We must expect to go slowly, and meet with many blasted hopes and trials, which come in a way we did not expect. You will see from what I have written Aunt, that our Indians have been drinking excessively for the last five or six weeks. We are very much annoyed by them. Last night three large men came in who could scarcely walk. It was near ten o'clock before we got rid of them. I still continue my school in my room, and shall until the school-house is repaired, which I hope will be soon, \* \* \* It requires much patience, perhaps, and faith to qualify a missionary for all that he must necessarily meet. Doubts and fears often arise before me. \* \* \* The silken cord that binds me to my HOME and FRIENDS never could have been severed for anything this world could afford. \* \* \* If we do but little, I

hope we may do all the good we can, and *no harm at all.* \*- \* \* Write as often as you can, and pray much for Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZA.

PUTAWATOMIE STATION, October 9, 1845.

My VERY DEAR FATHER: A few evenings since \* \* \* The Putayour kind letter came to hand. watomies are exceedingly anxious to have a boarding school, and often parents and children will inquire when they may come and stay all the time. Often when we ask children who come for something to eat, to come to school, they reply they will if we would let them stay with us. All those who know they have a school fund are anxious to have it applied at home. \* \* \* If we could have a boarding establishment and a faithful minister, there is nothing to prevent the prosperity of the cause. \* \* Our sick all appear more comfortable. It is now almost three months since our afflictions commenced. Is the chastening rod laid thus heavily because of our exceeding sinfulness? O then may it not be felt in vain, but bring us to the foot of the Cross, there to entreat for sparing mercy, and a willingness to be found in the faithful discharge of every duty.

Pray for your unworthy daughter,

ELIZA.

PUTAWATOMIE BAPTIST MISSION, January 9, 1846.

My Very Dear Father: I received yours of the 19th of October yesterday, which was welcome indeed. \* \* \* The school is small, owing to the circumstance of almost all the Indians being off on lunting tours. \* \* \* I was truly sorry to learn of your sickness. \* \* \* I often think of the toilworn Christian as he stands on the borders of his Heavenly home, and gazing upon its glories until the waves of death appear but as a slight ruffling of the waters at his feet. \* \* \* May the consolation of the Christian be yours while you still linger below. And when deliverance is sent yon, may you meet with the loved ones who have preceded you to the realms above.

Ever your daughter,

ELIZA.

PUTAWATOMIE BAPTIST MISSION, January 29, 1846.

VERY DEAR UNCLE: For nearly two weeks I have had no chills and fever, and I begin to hope that I am well. Various circumstances in connection with the little value these people place on education, prevent the children from coming long or regular enough to school to derive much benefit. Under these discouragements I have labored ever since I have been at Putawatomie, and now, while looking

over all that I have done, it appears almost nothing. I do not write in this way from a desire to leave. No, I do not know how I could bear the thought of leaving the field of labor while there remains a gleam of hope of usefulness. When we ask the Indians to send their children to school, they almost invariably say they would if we would keep them in our family all the time, as is done among the Shawanoes. Some have told us that for many years they have had the promise of a boarding school, but for as many years they have been disappointed, and now know not what to depend upon. If affairs could be managed so as to open a boarding school I think we might labor successfully, and then I should be cheerful and happy in the hope of benefiting the poor, unfortunate children of the western prairies.

A few weeks since a man was so anxious to send his little daughter to school that Mr. and Mrs. Simerwell agreed to take her into the family, as he lived too far for her to attend from home. Vesterday he came and pleaded so hard that they could not refuse to take his sister also. He said he did not like to send her to the Catholic school. Brother Simerwell told him that if she came to our honse he must allow us to teach her to read the Bible. He said that was what he desired. He said that he had a Bible that you gave him many years ago, and in which he reads and discovers that it condemns many things allowed

among the Catholics. [This man when a boy was a pupil at Carey, Michigan, and was there tanght to read at the Baptist school.] O! if we only had the means, we could work. I ask nothing on my own account, but for those who are really perishing for want of the bread of life. Would that I could speak with a voice and emphasis that would fasten npon the hearts and sympathies of all who live in your happy, happy Christian land.

Pray for your unworthy niece,

ELIZA McCoy.

The following letter was written by Miss McCoy to her annt, upon learning of the death of her uncle, Rev. Isaac McCoy, which occurred at Lonisville in June, 1846.

PUTAWATOMIE BAPTIST MISSION, Lune 9, 1846.

My Dearest Aunt: More than once I have attempted to address yon this evening, but fearing the sorrow of my own heart would lead me involuntarily into a train of remarks which would add to your grief, rather than soothe, I have as often laid down my pen without forming a letter. I this evening, for the first time since hearing the heart-rending news, fully realize that my beloved uncle, the long-tried and faithful friend of the almost friendless,

is gone-no more to plead their suffering cause before the churches, before the inattentive, and the rulers of our country. That face so often bedewed with sympathy's tear is now cold and pale beneath the sod of the valley, and that heart so often swollen with pity for others' woes is now stilled in death, and friends and kindred will no more hear his kind advice, nor see that peculiar cheering smile which characterized his countenance when meeting them. And if sorrow and suffering here will be gems in the crown of rejoicing of the Redeemer, you, dear annt, will have many, for many and bitter have been the tears you have shed, while long and severe have been your oft repeated trials. And now the king of terrors not satisfied with bereaving you of almost all of your dear children, has again entered your peaceful dwelling, and with a more than ever relentless hand, torn from you your last earthly support! Ali! he has shaken your fortitude to the very center. But, O happy reflection! the smitten and stricken to the most secret recesses of the heart, you still have an inexhaustible source of comfort, a heavenly refuge to which you can ever fly, however dark the clouds or loud the winds or raging the sea. \* \* \* He whose ear is ever open to the afflicted, He who when on earth wept with the weeping, will hear and readily administer the healing balm. I do rejoice, and would even feel the deepest gratitude,

that uncle was so mercifully spared to us and to the poor Indians as long as he was, although I may feel, with others, that it is a mysterious Providence, and inquire why one so universally useful was taken. But his work was done, \* \* \* I have reflected much upon the infinite happiness with which his soul is now filled. By an eye of faith I have followed him to the heavenly city. At the entrance stood his parents, all of his brothers but one, with eleven of his children, to welcome him through the gates. Nor were these all; for near by there stood a group arrayed in robes of victory with harps of gold in their hands. And as they raised the notes of praise to their loftiest strain, they said, "We are those from the red man's land, to whom you carried the news of salvation. We listened to your story of a Savior's dving love; we believed, cast ourselves at the feet of that Savior, sought and obtained His mercy. We have, some of us, long since been called home. Now, with heavenly rapture, we hail you as you enter upon eternal rest from all your earthly toils." But even this is not all. He was introduced into the very immediate presence of the Savior in whose cause it was his meat and his drink to labor when on earth. \* \* \* I fancy I now see you standing on Jordan's bank, gazing beyond its floods to the Canaan of rest, until the waves at your feet, heretofore frightful, now appear gentle undulations

which will but assist in wafting you across; where you will have the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Your affectionate niece,

ELIZA McCOY.

After a severe epidemic of sickness had abated, Miss McCoy resumed her school at Putawatomie, April 14, 1846, and continued it with much success during the following summer. She and Miss Osgood then returned home on a short visit after an absence of nearly two years.

The following letter of commendation indicates the esteem with which this missionary was held by those connected with her in this noble work:

Whereas the bearer of this (Miss Eliza McCoy), a missionary of the American Indian Mission Association to the Indians, after an absence of nearly two years from home, is about to visit her friends, this is to express the entire confidence reposed in her by the missionaries of the above named Board, with whom she has been associated, and the deep and fervent Christian love cherished for her by all the above named body.

As a faithful and devoted missionary, and beloved member of the church, our sister is hereby commended to the favor and affectionate regard of all the followers of our common Savior with whom she may have intercourse. By order and in behalf of the Baptist Missionary Conference.

J. Lykins.

Wea Mission Station, August, 1846.

They reached home in September, very much to the joy and pleasure of their relatives and friends. In October they attended the meeting of the Indian Mission Association at Louisville, and were highly commended for their zeal and success as missionaries, and greatly encouraged to continue their well-begun work. The call of duty is thus made urgent. Accordingly they resumed their activities with renewed vigor. There was a constant need of vigilance on their part. The enemy of all good endeavors was ever alert to prevent their success.

After reaching the mission field, Miss McCoy continued at the same place until the next year, when the Putawatomies were transferred to a new location on the Kansas river. This change was much to the advantage of this tribe, since they thus obtained a larger area of land from the Government in exchange for their tract on the Osage river.

# CHAPTER V.

#### THE REMOVAL.

IT was in November, 1847, that the Putawatomies were moved to their new location, on the Kansas river, which was about sixty miles west of Westport. They were then joined by others of the same tribe from Iowa. The missionaries followed them, but on account of the confusion of this removal their school was suspended until the following March. As an instance of the peculiar hardships incident to missionary life, the following letter is introduced.

## Kansas River, March 8, 1848.

My Dear Father: You will see that we are at last at Kaw. We left Westport the 22d ult. The first day we had a snow-storm, but did not heed it much. At night we stayed at an Indian's house, which we then regarded as a very uncomfortable shelter. The next day we were somewhat cold, but did not suffer. At night we camped out, and about the time we had our fire made, cousin Lykins began to shake. He was very sick all night. We traveled

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the next day, meeting a strong north wind. Cousin Lykins' fever kept up all day, when his chill came on again about four o'clock. We then concluded to stop for the night, but had to leave the road more than a half mile to get to the timber; and when we came to it we found it a dreary, dreary place. The timber was all on a ravine, and we had to leave the wagons and go down a steep bank, where we found the ground wet, and without grass or leaves. But it was the only chance. While the men made a fire, Sarah and I ran off a distance to gather what grass we could to spread under the bedding; stretched a tent and made a bed for cousin Lykins, who was growing worse rapidly. He soon fell into a stupor, so that we could scarcely rouse him enough to take a sip of water. We did not know that he would live until morning; and there we were alone in the wide prairie, far from any house, without knowing what to do for his relief. All we could do was to watch, with solicitude, first him, and then the approach of day. But a Merciful Providence was with us. The next morning found him better. As early as we could we resumed our traveling and reached here about three o'clock in the afternoon. We found the house very much out of repair, and altogether as dirty as Indian houses generally are. But we went to work and soon made one room comfortably clean. But as we could not repair roofs nor stop cracks, we suffered from a snow-storm that blew in upon us a few days afterwards. Our floor, and often our heads and shoulders, would be white with snow that fell through the roof. We would sometimes retreat from one corner to another, but all efforts to escape the blast were in vain. We were compelled to take it as it came. But the storm is over. We have our other room cleaned, and for the present are comfortable. The Indians, we think, will soon be located, and everything appears favorable; if we can only meet with the necessary aid from home. \*\*

Your affectionate daughter.

ELIZA

Of this new school our missionary thus writes to the Board: "For the last few days the Indians have so pressed us to take their children that ere we were aware we had promised seventeen. How we are to take care of so many, under so many disadvantages, I can not tell, and felt almost frightened when thinking of it. But when children are brought, and I am told they have no mother, and how they have been treated, and what they have suffered, I can not refuse. Of the two evils I know not which will be the less. But I can and will leave it all to a Merciful Providence, and trust that His grace will enable me to bear the heavy burden."

The following letters to her father relate many of the hardships at this new station. Unexpected dangers and trials are constantly befalling them. Satan is ever active, "sifting" them to the very last degree.

# PUTAWATOMIE MISSION STATION, (

August 31, 1849.

My DEAR FATHER: Once more I address you by letter, but oh, how much more pleasant it would be to speak face to face. If I could only spend this night with you and then return in the morning in time for school. Our prospects are now more promising than ever before, that is, so far as laborers and some other matters are concerned. But it appears at the same time that the enemy was never half so busy. The Jesuits can not give up the idea of monopolizing all the school fund. You remember the efforts made by them a year ago to get both schools. When they failed they said, "Never mind, we will watch Dr. Lykins and find some fault, and get him out of the country, and then we can succeed." But after watching with a hawk's eye they can find none, and now have persuaded their own party, with some others, to say they do not want a physician; that the money expended for his salary had better be appropriated to some other purpose, thinking by this means to get rid of him. They are holding councils in

various places for that purpose; and also to take possession of our buildings and farm. But how far they will succeed time will tell. I hope that Providence will not permit so many years of toil and labor to be entirely lost; yet if some speedy efforts are not made to prevent, much, very much will be lost. And I believe that the only remedy will be spiritual means. You know when popery reigned over the world, all carnal weapons were too weak. It was not until the Sword of the Spirit was raised that the beast was wounded, and now that alone can give the fatal stroke. Now I wish to make one more request of you: that is, to send me, by some means or other, at least a half dozen French Bibles; and, father, do please send them without delay. If the Board or other benevolent persons will not bear the expense, tell Mr. Dver to take that much of my salary. There are a number of half French and Indian Catholics who read French. and have expressed a wish, indeed, they appear anxious, to have Bibles, and say they want to know the truth, and would believe the Bible. They were asked if the priest would allow them to read; they replied that they would not ask him. \* \* \* Unless very speedy and energetic efforts, accompanied with ardent prayers and trust in God, are employed, they will secure us so firmly in their grasp that when they fall they will take us down with them, and though we may rise again it will require years of toil and suffering to ascend where we now are. But oh, this must

not occur. \* \* \* Our school is prosperous. We are crowded now, but hope soon to get into our new house. \* \* \* Our congregations are good, and notwithstanding the fierce array of enemies we have many devoted friends, among whom are the Chief and his counselors. But his life has been threatened by these Jesuits, if he does not consent to their plans. \* \* \* Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZA.

PUTAWATOMIE MISSION, October 11, 1849. My DEAR FATHER: The children are all in bed. and my room is once more quiet. \* \* \* We have twenty-six scholars at present, and many more are anxiously waiting until the new building is ready for occupancy, which we hope will be before the weather is very cold. We are now very much crowded, and sometimes scarcely know where to store all the family. Brother and sister Sanders promise to do well. They are both kind, and seem to feel interested in the cause. Sister Sanders' health is poor, but often persons with poor health and a willing mind will accomplish more than others in good health with an unwilling disposition. At present I am teaching in my own room, which is not very large, and is used for various purposes. It is the only place cousin Lykins has for his writing desk, and part of his medicines. You might suppose that it is a confused place, but you would be surprised to see the order and neatness of all things, the children not excepted. This I say, supposing you will allow me to boast a little. The Catholics are still at work; how far they are permitted to go, time will show. It is for us to trust in Him for whom we hope we labor. He alone can save; and since the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the mighty, why should we be disturbed? If we are faithful, we need not be. \* \* \*

Your affectionate daughter, ELIZA.

Thus the work continued through periods of joy and sadness, with flattering prospects and serious apprehensions. But He who delivered ancient Israel from defeat was round about these workers with "grace sufficient." Miss Osgood attended a meeting of the American Indian Mission Association at Louisville in April, 1851. In speaking of her school among the Weas, she says: "When we commenced with them there was none to mingle with us in prayer or praise, and now four of our pupils bow meekly with us and supplicate blessings on themselves and others. This may seem a small result, but it is a precious work, and who can compute the worth of these souls or estimate the influence they may yet exercise over others."

Of the Pntawatomie school Miss McCoy writes to the Board at Louisville as follows: "One children all improve in every respect. The school is gaining popularity every day. Many who not long since were bitterly opposed are now bringing their children. All this increase is entirely without any effort on our part. But all is of Providence. Oh! that we may ever be kept humble, and trust Him for all future need."

At this time Miss McCoy's annual salary of \$100 was very kindly furnished by the ladies of the Baptist Church at Talladega, Alabama. This assistance was continued for some time, and doubtless brought a blessing to the hearts of the donors in return.

Two of the faithful missionaries at Wea died in Jannary, 1852. Sarah Ann Osgood was called to her final reward the 9th, and Mrs. David Lykins the 15th of that month. Of both of whom it was said by the Agent of the Government for the Indians: "To a singleness of purpose and devotion to the interests committed to their charge they united a high order of capacity and intellectual fitness for their peculiar and most delicate and difficult duties. And I fear there must be a long lapse of time before their places may be filled. Their memory should be cherished,

and treasured by all the friends of Indian Missions." In the early part of 1852 Miss McCoy went home on a short visit. She however only remained a few weeks, and returned to her work. In accordance with the dying wish of her cherished and devoted friend, Miss Osgood, she was sent to the Wea tribe upon her return to the field. She remained at that station the balance of her missionary engagements.

While at this station, and near the close of her missionary work, the following picture was taken.



CEMETERY AT WEA MISSION STATION.

This represents three of the missionaries, with some of their native pupils. Rev. David Lykins and his second wife appear in the group, at the left side; while Miss McCoy is standing at the right, leaning upon the monument of Miss Osgood's grave. This seene was in the cemetery connected with the Wea Mission Station, near the present site of Paola, Kansas. This illustration manifests at first view the great interest of these missionaries in this work. Like the humble Nazarene, they dwelt with the lowly, and taught them the blessed precepts of the gospel.

Miss McCoy continued in this gracious employment until June, 1853, when she gave up the work entirely and returned home. In addition to her salary and traveling expenses she received "sundries" to the probable value of \$50.00 per annum, which assisted greatly in supplying needed wants. The success of her work is well expressed by the following letter of commendation:

"The bearer, sister Eliza McCoy, was appointed a missionary by the American Indian Mission Association in 1844, and she has faithfully and efficiently labored from that time until this in the Indian Mission field. While some have fallen at their posts, and some have retired from their labors, she has done as far as humanity is able, her master's work. She well deserves the sympathies and prayers of all who desire the advancement of the kingdom of Christ upon the earth.

The undersigned takes pleasure in thus testifying of her usefulness, piety, and zeal, and most carnestly recommends her to the kindness and affection of all who trust in the great Redeemer.

DAVID LYKINS,
Supt. Wea and Putawatomie
Indian Mission Schools.

Wea Station, June 1, 1853.

Such was the termination of this period of almost nine years of active service in this ennobling work. Certainly there is no room to doubt her consecration, when nine of the best years of her life were thus employed. Doubtless her own health had been very much impaired. Most of her intimate acquaintances and long-time friends had gone from the mission field to their final home. At this time her father had entered his seventy-second year. His home had been deprived of much of its earthly cheer and comfort by domestic events already mentioned. While he was entirely willing to subject his own claims

upon his children's services to the improvement and prosperity of the Indian Missions, yet he seriously felt the need of immediate companions in his advanced feebleness. The principal reason that caused Miss McCoy's final return home was the general decline of interest in this work among the home churches. It is to be lamented that this decline began so soon after the death of Rev. Isaac McCoy. Contributions to this work were reduced to such an extent as to affect materially the limited support of the workers. The Board was becoming involved by debts, and hence the missionaries dependent upon its actions were obliged to give up the work.

But the interest of this missionary in this work was not abated, but was retained even until the last days of her earthly existence.

In 1870 Miss McCoy, in company with relatives, visited Paola, Kansas, the location of her work with the Weas eighteen years before. It was a source of great pleasure to go over the grounds and to compare the surroundings then with those of the former period. Many changes had necessarily occurred, yet there remained many objects as they had been left by the missionaries. Some of the trees planted by

Miss Osgood had attained considerable size. The Indian cabin that afforded shelter from the wolves the first night that the missionaries reached this station, still remained. Its owner, Battiste, chief of the Wea tribe, was there to furnish a friendly welcome. And he was thrilled with joy as he again conversed with his old-time benefactress.

She met several of her former pupils who had attained prominence in local affairs. One especially, Edward H. Black, who had accompanied her to her home in Indiana when a boy, and had been under her special instructions, occupied a position of much authority and respect. One can well imagine the interest and satisfaction thus experienced as the devoted teacher reviewed the incidents of her previous work, and contemplated some of the apparent results. The sacred influences of her work as a missionary will live through the ages of eternity. Nine years of patient, earnest, devoted planting of the Divine teachings of Our Blessed Savior; time can not compute the harvest. The setting sun of November 8, 1891, goes down, but the harvest is not ended. The planters sleep, yet the seeds mature, and the reapers go on with their blessed, sacred work.

The construction of the temple is directed by the Great Master Builder. He knows the kind of workers needed. When one falls, another equally as skillful occupies the vacancy. To-day the Indian departments of the Baptist Home Mission Boards are fulfilling the expectations of those interested in this work. The dying request of Rev. Isaac McCoy, "tell the brethren never to let the Indian Missions decline," has been heeded. This work is on a much better basis now than ever before. Let it be hoped that all these tribes may soon be reclaimed from savagism, and their entire natures filled and thrilled with the songs of salvation through the merits of Our Blessed Redeemer.

At the present time the American Baptist Home Mission Society of New York sustains a work of great proportions in the Indian Territory. Among the five civilized nations in that territory this Board reports nine Associations, consisting of nearly eight thousand Indian members. There are fifty-seven ordained native ministers, nine white, and five native missionaries. Also four schools, including one university, which engage sixteen teachers.

The Home Mission Board of the Southern Bap-

tist Convention is also very active in this same work. Last year this Board had under its care seven Associations, embracing one hundred and seventy-seven churches, one hundred and seventeen ordained ministers, and an aggregate membership of seven thousand two hundred and fifty. Its four schools had fifteen teachers, and three hundred and forty-nine pupils.

The results of the work of these two Boards are most encouraging. With increased contributions, great results might be accomplished in teaching these people the way of eternal life.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

THE earnestness and consecration that characterized the labors of Miss McCoy among the Indians were prominent in her daily life in the home circle. The bonds of filial affection were indeed powerful to draw her away from a work that had elicited her deepest sympathies, despite its trials. Still the missionary spirit survived. No difference where the worker was, whether in the rude hut of the savage on the plains of the wild West, or in the quiet, cozy retreat of the cheerful home, or in the consecrated circle of church work, or in the elevating influences of the school-room, the same devotion to duty was manifested. The same ardor was shown. The same energy of body, mind, and soul characterized every endeavor, regardless of surroundings or results.

The following letter emphasizes the statement

made on a previous page concerning the decline in the support of the Indian Missions:

Louisville, Kv., June 20, 1855.
To Miss Eliza McCov, Seliersburg, Ind.

My Sister in Christ: I am now in this city for the purpose of arranging for a transfer of the Indian Mission affairs to the Southern Baptist Convention. The transfer, if made at all, will probably be made to-day. The liabilities of the Board are so large that I am in great doubt whether I ought to accept on behalf of the Convention the transfer, but unless something still more discouraging shall develop itself, I presume I shall assume this responsible work. I would very much like to see you in order to gain information relating to the Mission Stations at Wea and Putawatomie, and in relation to your own return. \* \* \*

Your brother in Christ, JOSEPH WALKER, Cor. Sec'y. Ind. Miss. Board.

Although constrained to renew her former engagements, yet the feebleness of her father prevented her from yielding to this cherished desire. In this consideration she was not unmindful of the claims of those at home upon her, yet she thought it pos-

sible for her to continue the gracious work of sowing the seeds of eternal life. Her attachment and devotion to her father were unmeasured, and her opportunity to comfort him was untrammeled. The sense of duty was very prayerfully considered, and, eventually, the decision was in behalf of the home circle. Miss McCov's mission at this period was to administer to those at home, and God prevented her from laving aside this work. Later on, however, her father was comfortably located with his older children. Retaining much of his early vigor and activity, he was able to attend to private business affairs, and to exchange friendly visits. This then afforded his daughter Eliza some leisure time. It must not be unemployed. Hence we find her at this period engaged in teaching.

But the passing years brought their expected bereavements. The infirmities of age are rapidly twining about the loved one of the home circle. Another cup of sorrow is awaiting the devoted children. On the 3d of September, 1859, her father, Deacon John McCoy, was taken by the dark messenger to his final home.

This event brought most poignant grief to all

of his relatives and friends, but especially to his daughter Eliza. This sorrow was brightened with the blessed hope of the gospel that the loved ones should meet again. We can appreciate the feeling of loneliness caused by this sad occurrence. This condition explains why she devoted so much time to the welfare of her immediate relatives, as well as to teaching. She desired to have her attention and time occupied with helpful deeds, that she might prevent unnecessary broodings over this sad affliction. She was engaged almost continuously in teaching private and public schools for ten years until the spring of 1867. At this time she closed her work in the school-room. It is needless to mention the success of her work as a teacher. The fact that she taught so long in the same localities speaks distinctly upon this point. Many of her pupils of those days have given testimony in various ways of the help, benefit, and thoroughness of her instructions.

One feature of her school work demands special mention, and that was the religion she professed. In all of her terms of teaching, the first exercise of the morning was for the entire school to read a portion of the Scriptures, and then she would lead in an earnest and humble petition for grace sufficient for the duties of the day. This of itself was enough to insure the success of her work, and to impress her pupils with the value of the divine wisdom that is not written in school-books. After the wisdom of the daily lessons has been forgotten by both teacher and pupils, that of the sacred instruction has doubtless remained, and will still be a well-spring of eternal life through coming ages. The influence of the teacher is not circumscribed by four walls, but expands through successive years. It is immortal. The teacher's opportunity for instilling into the life of the pupil ideas of piety and morality were not neglected by Eliza McCoy.

An incident worthy of note occurred during this period, which shows the Providence that protects the temporal affairs of those who put their trust in Omnipotence. About the year 1850 a railroad was constructed from Jeffersonville to Indianapolis. John McCoy, with his characteristic enterprise, secured six shares in this new adventure. At the time of his death in 1850 this stock had depreciated until it was almost valueless. His son John C., who was at home on a visit from Texas, purchased this entire stock

of his father's estate for one hundred dollars, and made a present of it to his sister Eliza. This last transfer failed to appear on the books of the railroad company. At the beginning of the late civil war an effort was made on the part of some Government officials to "confiscate" those shares. This movement occurred because they appeared to belong to the brother residing in the South, and at that time a member of the legislature of Texas, after that state had seceded from the Union. This seizure, however, was prevented through the strenuous efforts of friends and relatives, and this property was secured to its rightful owner. After the war, when prosperity smiled upon the land again, these shares were very greatly enhanced in value. In 1871 Miss McCoy was enabled to exchange them with the company for four bonds of one thousand dollars each, bearing seven per cent, interest per annum.

This was the first property of any consequence coming into her possession. See how providentially it was reserved for her benefit. See how rapidly it increased in value. In 1872, when Franklin College was striving by all lawful means to survive the withering effects of a depleted treasury, she very thoughtfully gave one of those bonds, with its golden coupons, to help resuscitate that institution.

Most noble deed! He who is ever mindful of His people will not let their material interests suffer.

From 1867 until September, 1871, Miss McCoy was the guest, friend, adviser, associate, helper, aunt, guardian, and lover of a large number of relatives in Clark County, Indiana. All alike shared her sympathy and love. All received her words of advice and encouragement most cheerfully. Often, in times of sickness and death, she was one of the faithful, devoted watchers. Many times the aching brows of loved ones have been soothed by the gentle touch of her endearing hands. Amid personal physical discomfort she has often administered comfort and consolation to the weary and heavy laden. She was an angel of mercy. The sympathy of her tender nature was electrical in its effects. From many years of devoted service to the wants of others she knew how to speak words of cheer, which always produced the desired effect. Her approach to the home was always hailed with delight, and especially by the children. Many personal incidents might be related in testimony of her devotion to the temporal welfare and advancement of all of her relatives. To the lone heart, seeking for a mission in life, here is a lesson taught by the example of this noble-hearted woman in this period of her activity. But she was not satisfied to serve her friends in temporal matters alone. She was mindful of the intellectual needs of the younger relatives, as well as of their religious development. Accordingly she is found busily engaged at this time preparing for the collegiate education of those in whom she was especially interested.

In September, 1871, in conformity with previous arrangements, she removed from Clark County to Franklin, Indiana, to provide a home for her grandniece and nephew, while they pursued their studies in Franklin College. Observe her solicitation for the welfare and progress of her young relatives. Many persons are content to send their children to college, but she was satisfied only by taking the children of loved ones to school. Thus she lived, happy and full of cheer, until the summer of 1874. In this capacity her activity in every direction was thoroughly aroused. Her inclination to do good unto all found occasions for manifestations even in her new surroundings. She was keenly sensitive to the

needs of the college which her father had helped to found in 1834. She had time for active church work. Nor were her immediate "home" duties in the least neglected. She was not one to neglect any trust that had been committed to her, and more especially if it were self-imposed, "Devotion to duty" was the unwritten motto of her exalted life. All the noble traits that characterized her life in previous engagements were manifested here in equal measure. Her strength of character and nobility of nature drew to her many friends with whom she was intimately associated in every good work. Nothing was neglected that would add to the comfort, pleasure, and satisfaction of those thus connected. This was a period of most excellent usefulness. and it was equally marked with happiness. In view of this most joyful engagement it is becoming to bear in remembrance the benign influence of her noble life, and to rejoice in the inspiring hope that she is now filled with the delights of the blessed in the realms of eternal felicity.

Doubtless this period was a part of her life-work, divinely appointed, just as much as were her consecrated services upon the western plains. But this engagement must not continue longer; for there is other work of equal, yea, greater importance awaiting her.

The course of our lives is ordered of Heaven. We labor in one capacity awhile, and then are taken to labor in a different one. Sometimes we are successful, at other times apparent failure is the only visible result. But the only requirement of our stewardship is fidelity. Success belongs only to Our Heavenly Father, who may permit us to see something of the results of our efforts.

In the summer of 1874 Miss McCoy was relieved of the necessity of remaining longer in this present capacity, since the parents of her grand-niece had moved to Franklin, which thus afforded a home for the young students. The question "What next?" then arose, fraught with all of its practical import. But it did not remain long unanswered. The work was ready for her; in fact, it had been awaiting for some time her opportunity to take it up. Thus she entered the new field that was fully ripe for the rich harvest, after having gleaned so faithfully in the previous fields.

### CHAPTER VII.

### A NEW FIELD.

In November, 1874, Miss McCoy left her large circle of friends in Indiana and Illinois to make her home with her youngest brother, Col. John C. McCoy, in Dallas, Texas. Not only to make a home for herself, but chiefly for him. Her mission to Texas was not undertaken for pleasure or enjoyment, nor to serve in things temporal. Hers was a far nobler calling. While this change afforded material comfort, yet the necessity existed for her services in spiritual matters. Colonel McCoy had lived in Texas for thirty years previous to her arrival. Amid the activities of a busy and prosperous life in the legal profession he had neglected the yearnings of the religious element of his generous and sympathetic nature.

She who had served so faithfully on the mission field, and in the home circle, and the school-room,

and in behalf of the young students, was well qualified by experience, and by the ties of affection as well, to minister to the varied requirements of this novel and final field of her earthly career. She entered upon this engagement with her usual marked devotion and attention to all details. In a short time she fully realized the importance of her situation, and the urgent necessity of being alert to all of its demands. During the heated terms of the following five summers she returned North; but those trips were always considered to be visits, claiming Texas as her home. In making this claim she was fully justified.

Her religious light was not hidden under a bushel in this new home. She was called to be a light-bearer, and right nobly she obeyed the summons. The influence of her quiet, serene, trustful nature had a marked effect upon the life of her brother. On bended knees she often uttered heart-burdened petitions for his conversion. He had been the subject of many prayers offered by his parents and others for a number of years. He who taught mankind to pray, and made a promise that the earnest prayer of the faithful would be heard, was not

unmindful of those petitions, nor forgetful of His promise. In due time the answer came, and with it unbounded joy. It was reserved for her to behold the result of the pleadings of faithful and loving parents, sisters, and brothers, in behalf of this the youngest member of the family.

In October, 1880, during a series of earnest meetings, conducted by Rev. W. E. Penn, in a calm, deliberate, self-possessed manner, her brother made a public profession of faith in Christ. He was received by experience into the full fellowship of the First Baptist Church of Dallas, Texas, in his sixty-second year. To her this event was most gratifying. All other achievements of her busy life were insignificant compared with this blissful consummation of her faith and works. Her cup of joy was full, yea, running over, and rejoicing the hearts of many devoted friends. God had given her the greatest desire of her heart.

It might appear, humanly speaking, that now her earthly work was finished, and that she was ready to go home to a peaceful rest. But no. He who upholds the universe, and feeds the sparrow, knew better. Not yet; a little more toil and labor. A little longer of trusting and praying. There is yet a work to be done for the King, as royal as any that has been achieved. This new experience of faith had quickened her energies and devotions to the cause of her Redeemer, if indeed that were possible. What an incentive to labor on. What an example to the weary and heavy laden.

She continued to reside with her brother until his death, April 30, 1887, making altogether thirteen years that her helpful influence was directly bestowed upon him. It is but natural that they should have become greatly devoted to each other during this period of their last days together on earth.

Colonel McCoy was not unmindful of the value of the services of his sister during those years. His gentle nature was susceptible to the tender yet strong impressions of her ennobling influence. He fully realized the obligations resting upon him, as a result of her devoted energies concerning his temporal and eternal welfare.

As an outgrowth of those obligations, after some other bequests, he left by will the greater part of his property to this affectionate sister.

In this event can be traced the hand of Provi-

dence. The Lord of the harvest had great need for that property to use in advancing His kingdom on earth. Hence He placed it in her care as a faithful and zealous steward, that He might have it again when He most needed it.

After she had duly and legally acquired this estate, the great burden of her soul was how to dispose of it so that it might accomplish the most good. Often has her tremulous voice been overheard from the closet, pleading with Divine Wisdom for direction as to the best and most proper use of her resources. In the still hours of the night, amid the activities of the day, the one thought and purpose of her life was "How to use this divinely given wealth." There was no question in her mind as to giving it to the Lord's cause. She could easily decide that. But the great question with her was, to what department of this work should she contribute most. Education, both denominational and ministerial; missions, domestic and foreign; Sunday-schools, near and far; temperance and charitable institutions all alike received their due and proper considerations.

In order to arrive at an intelligent and wise conclusion in this distribution she must needs become acquainted with the conditions and prospects of these various lines of Christian advancement. Accordingly she instituted in a very conservative, discreet, judicious, and praiseworthy manner a series of inquiries into the existing conditions of these branches of denominational enterprise. This valuable information was not derived entirely from those directly connected with these various departments, but also from indirect sources equally as reliable. The object of this method of inquiry was to avoid the very appearance of any undue individual influence upon her decisions. She knew full well the bearings of the personal equation in such matters, and that it must be carefully heeded in her calculations. Those who were most intimately associated with her at this time can testify unreservedly to her deep interest, her sincere anxiety, her earnest purpose, her strong intention, and her judicious efforts to know how to do with her property. And then her overwhelming desire to express her purpose and intention so clearly that none need be in doubt upon this subject.

In this entire affair she relied chiefly upon God for direction. As a result of her frequent and earnest petitions she decided to give to the cause of missions and of ministerial education the property that she had so graciously received only a short time before.

Her attorney cheerfully furnished her the legal phraseology, but from her God, the law-giver of the universe, came the purpose, the intention, the Will. Her will was written with her own hand, thereby strengthening her purpose that it be fully executed as thus written.

Now that these matters had been arranged in a business-like manner, she could indulge the hope that her earthly work was almost finished. Evidently she rejoiced that her life had been spared so many years, and that she had been permitted to accomplish something for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and for the glory of God. She was truly glad that by means of her consecrated wealth the work of salvation might be extended, not only while she remained on earth, but also while enjoying the bliss of her eternal home.

How beautiful that near the close of a long and useful life, the Christian attired with the robes of divine righteousness, may thus patiently await the coming of the messenger to usher him into the presence of the Blessed Redeemer.

But her earthly work was not yet finished. The heavenly mansions were not quite ready for her blissful abode. Yet a little longer period of service here below. Though many loved ones on the other side of death's river are anxionsly awaiting her, yet those on this side are permitted to enjoy a little more of her ennobling and blissful company.

"One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me, But Heaven is nearer, And Christ is dearer, Than yesterday to me."

While the day lasts, still she is busy. Many calls for comfort touch a responsive chord in her sympathetic heart. The humble and sick call for needed assistance, yet they cry not in vain. Many remote and neglected sick-rooms in tent and cabin have been brightened and cheered by the comfort and joy of her personal sympathetic visits in recent months. As formerly, so in her latter days, many a fevered brow has been soothed by her own gentle hands, and many broken hearts gladdened by the cheer of her comforting presence. Many words might be uttered, in grateful recognition of her helpful Christian bene-

factions. Aside from these local charitable deeds, Miss McCoy was especially active in works of benevolence of universal extent.

During the last four years of her life, while in possession of the property obtained from her brother, her gifts were both large and numerous. She believed in giving with her own hands, as well as through her executor. Her donations during these four years are expressed in the following list. This is given not for the purpose of parading her generosity, for such a motive was most repulsive to her unassuming nature. But it is intended as an example of a consecrated life. And with it the hope is indulged that others may be influenced to bestow the surplus of their resources upon our denominational enterprises while they have the opportunity.

	PAID IN CASH.					PAID IN PROPERTY.				
	1887 From May 1.	1888	6881	1890	1891 To Nov. 8.	1887	1888	1889	0681	1681
Churches	\$2,100	\$ 158	\$ 194	\$3,520	\$ 520					\$ 1,000
Missions American S. S. Union		35						4		
Aged Minis- ters' Fund .		50	75		15					
Home Young Men's Christ'n Ass'n										
Colleges	100	1,575	1,000	475	70	\$2,000	\$1,280		\$645	6,000
Seminaries			:	100	100					30,000
Libraries Student's Aid		85 80								
Fund										
Students	300	540	363		1					
Individuals	4,169	1,736	250	1,788	653	1,000				5,000
Total	\$9,779	\$4,309	\$2,682	\$7,542	\$2,458	\$3,000	\$1,280	\$500	\$645	\$43,000
	Total Cash, \$26,770.					Total Property, \$48,425.				
	Total Donations, Cash and Property, \$75,195.									

The following are her bequests, with approximate values:

To Individuals, Cash
" Real Estate 8,000
To Franklin College, Real Estate 2,000
To Foreign Missions, Southern Baptist Convention, one
third of balance 20,000
To American Baptist Home Mission Society, one third
of balance 20,000
To Texas State Board of Missions, one-third of balance 20,000
Total Bequests
Total Donations, Cash and Property 75,195
Grand Total\$145,795

The foregoing list is made from such data as occur among her correspondence. There were many other donations not recorded with ink, which, if estimated, would increase the grand total to about \$148,000.00.

Of these donations, Miss McCoy's largest gifts were as follows:

To the First Baptist Church of Dallas, Texas, \$8,500.00, of which amount \$1,500.00 was for a window in memory of her lamented brother, Col. John C. McCoy.

To the American Baptist Home Mission Society

of New York, \$3,500.00 cash, and land worth \$500.00; total, \$4,000.00.

To Franklin College, Franklin, Indiana, \$2,125.00 in cash (including \$1,000.00 in 1872), and \$5,000.00 in property, aside from the bequest of \$2,000.00 to that institution; total, \$9,125.00.

To Baylor University, at Waco, Texas, \$500.00 in cash, and property worth \$6,280.00; total, \$6,780.00.

To Baylor Female College, at Belton, Texas, \$1,505.00 in cash, and property worth \$645.00; total, \$2,150.00.

To the Buckner Orphan's Home, near Dallas, Texas, land worth \$1,000.00.

To the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, at Louisville, Ky., \$480.00 in cash, and lots worth \$30,000.00; total, \$30,480.00.

At the same time subscriptions to foreign and domestic missions were continued. From 1889 to 1892 inclusive, she gave \$600.00 annually to the support of M. G. Traveno, a native missionary in Mexico.

The estate of Col. John C. McCoy at his death was appraised at \$50,000.00. Out of that portion of it received by Miss McCoy she was enabled to make donations aggregating \$145,795.00.

On account of this great increase in value much credit is due her attorney, John M. McCoy, Esq., of Dallas, who is also her nephew. He has ever manifested very commendable fidelity to her interests. Here is a lesson of faith to all who hesitate to give of their means to the cause of Christ. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." As under the Master's direction the loaves were miraculously multiplied, so now if our goods are consecrated to His service we may expect an increased blessing.

But at last the cup of human experience is full. The Heavenly mansions are thoroughly furnished. The earthly tenement is fast dissolving. Toil, auxiety, bereavement, joy, hope, charity, and faith have thoroughly exhausted the physical vitality. Many "from the red man's land" who welcomed her devoted uncle and aunt, and many of her own pupils as well, are ready to welcome her to the better land. The many loved ones gone before and the angels are awaiting the arrival of her purified spirit to their blissful abode.

Miss McCoy's last sickness began with nervous

prostration, which increased, involving the pulmonary and nerve centers, with serious rapidity. Although relief was very noticeable, yet the vitality was surely declining. Pulmonary congestion occurred in a few hours. The decline became rapid. The last hour was fast approaching. Loving hands were busy trying to furnish temporary relief. At last the final moment came at ten minutes before six in the evening of the holy Sabbath, the 8th of November, 1891. A faint gasp. The breath ceased. The spirit sought its home within the blessed realms of eternal light. She had indeed entered a new field!

She was perfectly conscious until the very last minute, retaining her vision and mental vigor to a marked degree. About an hour before the last sad farewell she directed the closing of the blinds so as to shut out a vigorous storm of dust, and at the same time admit fresh air. At no time preceding or during her last illness was there any indication of the weakening of the mental powers beyond what is naturally expected at such an advanced age, and under such pressing responsibilities. In the forenoon, fully realizing her decline, she sent for her pastor. He offered up an earnest prayer in her behalf, in which she

joined audibly. A gentle smile lighted up her countenance all the afternoon, and with looks stronger than words she imparted a final blessing upon all.

On the afternoon of the roth of November the funeral services were held in the First Baptist Church, conducted by her beloved pastor, Rev. A. M. Simms, assisted by Rev. J. B. Cranfill, of Waco, Superintendent of Missions of the Baptist General Convention of Texas. The following are the remarks of those gentlemen upon that occasion

## FUNERAL SERMON

BY

REV. A. M. SIMMS.

Jesus said, "The works that I do bear witness of me." They did bear witness to His thought, purpose, character, and divinity. It is true of all of us. Our works bear witness to our character, thought, and purpose. It is so seldom that we find one whose life witnesses to the deeper meaning of the gospel that I wish on this occasion to speak of Miss McCoy's life.

She was born on the First of April, 1813, at Silver Creek, Indiana. She was one of a large family of children. Her father was an active Christian man.

whose life was identified with the pioneer battles of the Indiana Baptists in behalf of education, missions, Sunday-schools, and temperance. There is no doubt but that as she grew up at the time of those struggles her life of great usefulness in behalf of education and missions received an impress from her father's sturdy zeal and truly Christian spirit. When a family suffers for its convictions the children are apt to catch the fire of the ancestral heart. So the persecution through which Deacon John McCov passed in behalf of Christ's cause fixed in the heart of Eliza the noble purpose of giving herself to the work of Christ. Her uncle, Isaac McCoy, was also a noble Christian man, and a faithful minister of the Word to the Indians. He won for himself through a quarter of a century of ministry to them the appellation of "the Apostle to the Indians," There is but little room for doubt that his life of selfsacrifice had its influence upon her young life, and helped to lead her out into the Master's service. What has a greater influence upon children than the noble impulses and aims of the family? Sons and daughters are apt to become distinguished for righteousness when noble and pure impulses have been stirred in their youthful hearts by parental example. Miss Eliza was converted at the age of sixteen, and has spent sixty-two years in the Master's service.

In 1844 she went as a missionary to the Puta-

watomie Indians, and there in company with Miss Osgood she did her work of training and helping among the savage people for nine years. Those were hours of loneliness and trial. Sometimes left alone with no visible protection, who can tell what the agitation of her heart was? She washed and dressed the neglected children, taught them handiwork and letters, but all this that she might get to teach them of Christ. To-day men and women, who were boys and girls then, remember her with fondness. They have a profound respect for her character and life. An incident will show this. A few years ago one of the McCoy family was visiting in the neighborhood in which she taught, and he found a young chief who was glad to see him. "Come," said he, "and see how an Indian lives," He went to his home and there was comfort and refinement in the arrangement of the house. While there, however, the chief became intoxicated, but begged that "Aunt Eliza" should not know it. Why? Because the character of the woman had won his admiration, and he would not have her heart grieved by a knowledge of his sin. There was a Providence in her life. When on the way to Paola, Kansas, the site of her mission labors, she landed at Westport, the present site of Kansas City. One night a fearful tornado destroyed the house in which she stopped, but beyond a slight injury she was safe. Doubtless she could not see why God spared her. She did not know what God had for her to do. But you and I can now see what that work was—not only among Indians, but to labor in laying the foundations of colleges, seminaries, and churches—to make her heart-power felt upon every nation. What could we have done without her? In 1874 she came to Texas to live, and what her life here has been is well known.

I want to speak of what her life bears witness to. First. It shows an unselfish spirit. Her mission work among the Indians was certainly because of this spirit. She left the comforts of home, church, friends, and security, and went among those people for their sakes, and for Christ's sake. She emptied herself of all, that she might reach them. How like Him, "who, though rich, yet for our sakes became poor." The sum of \$100 per year, which the Board promised her, was certainly no inducement to enter upon such a life. And when in 1853 her father begged her to come home and be a comfort to him, she unselfishly left the work that had her heart and went to cheer him. From 1871 to 1874 we find her at Franklin College, keeping house for two young relatives, that they might have an opportunity to fit themselves for life. And when she came to Texas it was not to win fortune or fame, not that she might be cared for and live in ease, but she came to keep her brother company, and to lead him to Christ,

and she was never happy until he accepted Christ, and entered His service. This spirit of unselfishness has been characteristic of her life. The home to-day is in many respects arranged as her brother left it. His hat hangs on the rack where he last hung it. His tobacco bag is still on the mantel where he placed it four years ago. His plug of tobacco is still in the same drawer, and the pictures are where he placed them on the walls. I am told that if an apple or orange were given her, that she would invariably divide it and give its parts to others. Others were in her heart above herself. This ruling passion was strong even in death. When gasping for breath she called her nephew and reminded him of a dependent relative whom he had forgotten, and made a donation for her benefit.

Second. Her life witnesses to her ideal of Christian stewardship. God blessed her with means, and from the first stream of blessing she began to give. She was not of those who feel that God's gifts are for selfish uses and purposes. She would not serve herself and then serve Him, but she would serve Him first.

The first money of any consequence that she received was \$4,000 in seven per cent. interest-bearing railroad bonds that her brother had given her. She immediately gave a part of this to Franklin College, and another part to her brother who was a Baptist

preacher. The remainder, one would suppose she kept for herself. No, indeed. She gave it to the cause of missions. This is the way she began her stewardship.

Again, she felt that as her Master's steward she must give her money where she believed it would do the most for His glory. While she gave freely to the many claims pressed before her, it was a matter of deep desire with her to know where it would do the most good.

Several months since she sought my opinion about some investments she was thinking of making, in order that her money might serve God. Said she with great earnestness, "Do you believe that my money will not be lost if I give it there?" Again, "It is the Lord's money, and I want to make it work for Him." "I do not want it to be lost; I am so afraid I may make a mistake."

This stewardship has enabled her to give, during her life-time, to Franklin College nearly \$8,000, to Baylor University about \$6,000, to Baylor Female College over \$2,000, to Buckner Orphan's Home an nuknown amount, for it has fallen silently like the snow upon the grass; to the Southern Baptist Theological Seninary, \$30,000. To this church she has given \$8,500; to the Home Mission Society of New York about \$4,000.

Besides this, she has given to Bishop College for

the education of the colored race. The Young Men's Christian Association and all mission and benevolent work have also shared her liberality. For several years she paid the pastor's salary at the old Silver Creek Church in Indiana, and has also been paying the expenses of several students who have been preparing for the ministry. In addition to this she has for the past two years supported a special missionary among the Mexicans.

Third. Hers was also a spirit of ministry. She was not one to live in ease and spend her hours in dreaming. She was a living ministering spirit among the poor and needy. She went about doing good. Through sun and shower, through cold and heat, she might be found in the camp of the tenter, or the hut of the poor. She nursed, comforted, fed, clothed, and warmed them. Many cold days was her heart distressed by the condition of others, and when not able to go herself she would send others to look after the wants of the needy. Ah! when the cold winds of another winter shall whistle, how many will miss her loving heart and her noble deeds.

Fourth. Her life shows that she believed in the gospel. Her Indian mission was her public expression of this need of the gospel. They must hear it. There might be civilization in schools, but there was salvation in the gospel. Why did she educate young ministers instead of lawyers and doctors? Because

she believed the gospel was essential to man's salvation, and she wanted it preached after she was dead and gone. And from El Paso to Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, she has helped to build houses in which that blessed word might be spoken. Every continent of the earth has felt the power of her zeal in behalf of the gospel; for her money has gone there to aid in the preaching of the word of God. In China, Japan, Africa, Europe, India, Cuba, Mexico, Brazil, in the Islands of the sea, and all over North America she has borne her testimony to man's need of the gospel, and of her love for it. Talk about triumphs! What earthly thing has had such a triumph as she will know, when from every kindred and people and tongue they shall come forth to call her blessed, and to crown her stewardship at her Master's feet.

The last work she helped to do was the packing of a box to be sent to a missionary. The last audible prayer she made for a young friend in her house was that she might become a missionary. Indeed she loved the gospel of her Lord and Master.

To the relatives let me say: To have had such a kinswoman is a matter of profound joy. Not every family has such a servant of the Master in it.

Embalm her memory in your hearts, and engrave it upon the tablets of your memory. Teach it to your children, and charge them to teach it to theirs. And now, which of you will crave her spirit, and take up her work? Shall not her mantle fall upon some one?

Brethren and sisters, we have lost one of our pillars of strength and spiritual beauty. A mighty breach has been made in our forces. But let us take arms and move on to battle, encouraged by her spirit and example. The *soldiers* may die, but the Captain lives.

Rest, comrade, until the gathering hosts of that great day shall crown thee at the Master's feet.

## ADDITIONAL REMARKS

REV. J. B. CRANFILL.

It is to me a gracious privilege to add my testimony to the noble qualities of head and heart of our dear departed sister. Hers was a life of singular devotion to the greatest cause in the world—the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the earth. On her brow was the imperial stamp of Christian nobility, and on her head shall be borne forever a chaplet of enduring glory, woven from the web and woof of her own life. She lived the ideal Christian life, and her dearest aim was to become more like Jesus. Jesus served the lowly, so did she. Jesus rejoiced in spirit to see the gospel preached to the poor, so did she. Jesus

gave all He had for the salvation of men, so did she. Not with pomp or splendor did she serve, but with humility and tenderness. Until the dawn of the millennial morning every pupil that goes forth from Baylor University, or Baylor Fennale College, or Franklin College will feel the impress of her queenly life. And, year by year, as the consecrated sons of our Southland go forth from the halls of our Theological Seminary to preach the blessed gospel she loved so well, each will feel the impulse of the life now ended.

In every mission field in the known world will the power of her benefactions be felt through all the coming years. The heathen in far-off lands will smile joyfully as the dew of God's converting grace melts his heart; and the Texas boys and girls will lift up their praises to our Lord as they shall be led to the Savior's feet through what she has done. Her body will crumble into dust. In the long, long days that are to come, when we too have fallen on our last, long sleep, her body shall mingle with our motherearth. The night winds in winter's cold and in the glow of balmy spring will chant their requiems over her grave. But through all the years, and in all the seasons that shall come to bless the earth and die, she shall as truly live as if she were here speaking to us, as she did before God came to take her home. Through her the name of McCoy shall gird the earth, and through her shall the heralds of the Cross be strengthened among every kindred, and tongue, and people under Heaven.

And now, as we place flowers on her coffin, and speak in remembrance of her the tenderest words we know, shall we not each and all lift up our hearts to God and pray that we may be like she was, and that our lives too shall be a benediction to the world? I would rather have it said of me, when I am enshrouded and encoffined, what can be truly said of her, than to be the Webster among orators, the Hainilton among statesmen, the Napoleon among warriors, or as potentate of the greatest kingdom on earth, to move in the charmed circle of regal splendor and kingly glory. How all the pomp of earthly power fades into dust as we come into the presence of death. And how service to God magnifies as we turn Heaven's microscope upon it. After a little while we shall go and meet her. We shall see her smiling face again and grasp her queenly hand and hear her tender voice. It will not have in its accents then the tremor of old age as when we heard it last, but it shall be attuned to sing with angels and seraphs and the ransomed throng that have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Let us thank God that the last and crowning years of her life were spent here in Texas with us. And let us pray that some who are here to-day may be led of the Spirit to follow in her footsteps in every good word and work.

And now I have finished. I have feebly borne my testimony. No words that I know could be framed into language to fitly commemorate her noble life. May God comfort the bereaved ones whom she loved so well, and who now mourn her death, and may we all be ready to meet her in Heaven when our summons come.

"There is no death. The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore."

The body of Miss McCoy was laid to rest in the old Masonic Cemetery, by the grave of her lamented brother, there to await the call of the Resurrection Morning.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep From which none ever wake to weep, A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes."

Such is the history of the life-work of this saintly woman. Such is the chronological arrangement of the leading events of her consecrated life. The events have transpired. The record is made. The worker has gone home to wear the golden crown of rejoicing. While lonely hearts are sad, yet the world is brighter and better because of the life of Eliza McCoy!

## CHAPTER VIII.

## IMPRESSIONS.

In the preceding record of the work there appears some indication of the characteristics of the worker. It is fitting, in this connection, to afford the reader a more intimate acquaintance with the individual traits of the subject of this memoir.

The members of the McCoy family are noted for longevity. Hence it is not surprising that this member should attain the age of seventy-eight years seven months and seven days.

Good health, good spirits, a good constitution, and a good conscience are other family qualities. Concerning these, she was no exception.

As a child, Eliza McCoy was obedient, humble, sympathetic, thoughtful, emotional, and devout. As a pupil, she was apt to learn, diligent in her duties, brilliant in her pursuits, vigorous in her mental acquisitions, and accurate in her scholarship.

Mentally, she possessed an excellent memory, es-

pecially marked for its strength and retentiveness. Within the last few months she has often recalled, and related with great skill, and most exciting interest, some of the experiences of her early child-hood while surrounded by the savages of the forest. Every incident and little detail were readily recalled in their proper places.

She possessed a very vivid imagination. Her conversations were always enlivened by the happy use of this faculty. This is equally as well displayed in her correspondence.

She was especially characterized as possessing a very excellent judgment. In reference to all subjects she could properly comprehend their true and exact import. Whether the subject were material or spiritual; either in private or public affairs, whatever was referred to her arbitration was sure to receive merited attention, and a most accurate determination. Her ability to detect the actual character of a stranger was wonderfully marked. There are many known instances in which the after-life of a stranger corresponded, in a noted measure, to her previous predictions. Very seldom was her judgment inaccurate in this respect.

Socially she was a delightful companion. Always pleasant and agreeable, entertaining and even stimulating in her conversations. A spirit of joviality, and a high appreciation for humor, especially in her last days, were other distinguishing features. She enjoyed the sparkling effects of an entertaining anecdote as much as might anyone else.

She was uncommonly sensitive to the "feelings" and impressions of those with whom she conversed. Often were her own cherished sentiments restrained, lest their utterance might cause sorrow in the heart of the listener. All prospective contentions were evaded by silently yielding to restraint, when a principle of right or wrong was not involved.

Her friendship was unending, especially if in the least merited.

As a Christian, Eliza McCoy was earnest, devoted, humble, sincere, consecrated, trustful, pious, lowly in heart; seeking to be least, yet striving to make her Master appear greatest; well grounded in the teachings of our Blessed Savior; in all things conforming to His sacred precepts; ever admonishing friends of their obligations to His Divine injunctions. All of her thoughts and actions were pervaded by a feeling of sublime, exalted, and noble spirituality.

She possessed a strong, generous, emotional, honest, conscientious, elevating, and most noble Christian character. She was one of the very best of women! Her example and influence remain as a cherished odor of precious incense. May it be for all those who have learned of her, that they too shall live as did she, and be brought into the bliss that she now enjoys within the realms of the eternal habitation of the Blessed Son of God.

As a mark of becoming respect, very appropriate resolutions, commemorative of her Christian life, were adopted by the members of the First Baptist Church; and also by the Ladies' Missionary and Industrial Societies, of which she was an active member.

Memorial services, relating to her life-work, were held in Franklin College, Indiana, November 11, and in Baylor Female College, Belton, November 15, 1891; in Baylor University, Waco, Texas, January 7, 1892; and in The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, March 1, 1892.

The papers read on those touching occasions contained historical facts already given in the preceding chapters. They also contained some very worthy observations, which are embraced in the following extracts. This beautiful tribute is from the Commemorative Paper prepared by Professor R. J. Thompson, of Franklin College:

So mobtrusive was Miss McCoy's manner that few persons, unless intimately acquainted with her, would have deemed it possible that she had been familiar with the hardships and saerifices of missionary life. Perhaps there is not so much of the striking and the picturesque connected with Home Mission work as is the case with Foreign work. But mission work among American Indians has required, and still requires, quite as much perseverance, hopefulness, and heroism as work among any foreign people. The influence of such a life as Miss McCoy's can not easily be estimated in words; it is such lives that commend to the world the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The paper read by Rev. M. V. Smith, in Baylor Female College, contained the following:

In the life of this good woman appears a great purpose. One aim shines in her life, and in her deeds, and is transparent in death. She had the means to gratify worldly pride and ambition. She turned her back on these, and with a great purpose has taught us that man's chief end is to glorify God by doing good to men. \* \* \* We learn, in the second place, that piety and holy zeal lend a charm

to the character and spirit of the possessor. \* \* \* \* With no impatience, and no fear as to the future, her sweet and divinely chastened spirit convinced the world that she was living with and for the Master, and that on this account she was happy. \* \* \* \* \* She cultivated her mind, and was in possession of a clear and discerning judgment, even at an advanced age. Her decisions as to the real character of individuals, and the merits of enterprises, indicate that she thought much, and that she thought correctly. \* \* \* \*

In her discriminations let us learn the value of joint action of mind and of heart in religion. \* \* \*

Let us learn an additional lesson from this unselfish life, that all that is good comes from God, and returns finally to Him. \* \* \* God gave this pure and benevolent spirit to her family, to her church, to missions, and to our colleges. When her work was done, He took her to Himself. \* \* \*

Give us women who are unselfish and Christ-like, devoted not to the pleasures of the world, but to missions, orphanages, Christian education, and to the glory of God.

In a paper entitled "A Consecrated Woman," presented by Miss Mattie Douglass Scarborough, of Baylor University, occur these words:

How much of purity and love, of tenderness and sympathy, of true devotion and inexpressible admiration is contained in those three words, "A Consecrated Woman." Can the imagination, with all of its varied illusions, conceive of a more beautiful picture than that which is presented by the life of a true woman? \* \* \* Miss McCoy made contributions to the poor at home and at a distance, but all her charity was not that kind of which the world knows. \* \* \*

Life's noon has worn to evening, and this is characterized by the same sweet courtesies which brightened its morning. The shades of night are gathering round; the birds have ceased their singing; the dews of Heaven are gently falling; the sun is sinking in the west, and with it

"The star of her life goes down,
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
'Twill shipe for evermore."

\* \* \* \* To the name of Eliza McCoy there is a vibrating chord in the hearts of Texas women. \* \* Surely in this one, Heaven has found its ideal woman. Her life furnishes to history a glorious reality, which will crown its pages; to Texas an example of a consecrated woman; to America a model of Christian charity; to womanhood a monument that shall stand when Parian marble shall have crumbled to dust.

The following selections are from a paper read by Rev. George W. Truett, Financial Secretary of Baylor University:

- "Leaves have their time to fall, And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath, And stars to set; but all, Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death.
- "We know when moons shall wane, When Summer birds from far shall cross the sea, When Autumn's hues shall tinge the golden grain, But who shall teach us when to look for thee."

We have met together at this hour to do honor to the memory of this consecrated Christian woman; to testify to the personal loss that we feel in her death; to lay a fresh tribute of our love and most grateful remembrance on the turf that wraps her clay; and to learn anew the gracious lessons taught by her life. \* \* \* \*

First. The foundation of her character was an earnest belief in a personal God, and faith in a personal Savior. In early life she heard His voice calling her to "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." The call was obeyed. Her trust was put in Him, and on the altar of His cause she laid her life. Those who knew her best appreciated most her humble, loving trust in Him, her "patient con-

tinnance in well-doing," and the one, all-absorbing desire of her heart to live for His glory. From Him she learned how to live the life of the Christian, and when death came for her, having thus lived, she knew how to die the Christian's death. How suggestive the lessons of such a life for profitable reflection.

Second. This good woman not only "walked with God" herself, but the actuating impulse of her whole life was to lead others to the joys of the same blessed communion. To this sublime end she faithfully and unceasingly plied her hands, her head, her heart, her all. \* \* \* Do others live to concern themselves with the dress, and fashions, and trappings of earth? This one remembers that she "is not her own," and joyfully she chooses to "work the works of Him who sent her." Ah! shall we not pause here to learn more deeply than ever before, from the life of this faithful woman of God, that such a life is vastly more potential in winning souls to God than all of our mere professions and creeds? Christian precept is good, but how incomparably better it is when linked with Christian example!

Miss McCoy's life very strikingly illustrates the great truth that Christianity is to impress the world more by what it is, than by what it says, or even by what it does. O, may we to-day have the power of God's Spirit to impress us forever with the truth that the one burning need of this age, and of all ages, is a

Christian character, true and good, sincere and unselfish, humble and yet carnest; making its possessors invincible in their conflicts with the deep, dark depravity of earth! \* \*

How many go on all their lives hoarding and appropriating their property to their own use, withholding that which belongs to God, and ought to be consecrated to His service. \* \* \* In this connection it were perhaps proper to state that the Financial Secretary of Baylor University personally visited this good woman a few months ago for help in the present movement to put the University on unencumbered foundations. Never shall he forget her kindly sympathy that morning. It shone in every lineament of her aged face, and echoed in every tone of her tremulous voice. In her presence he felt instinctively that he was before one whose chief concern was the glory of God, and one whose every deed was a protest against selfishness. The call of the University deeply touched her heart.

Her gifts to missions will forever enable two men to preach the gospel in Texas; two more to preach it to the Indians; and still two more forever to preach it in foreign lands. Though Miss McCoy was as modest as a child, and gentle and unpretentious in her every word and deed, yet is it any wonder that the heart of a great people thrills with gratitude at the mention of her name? \* \* \* Men talk about

building monuments to perpetuate the memory of their deeds when they are gone. Here is one who has builded a monument that will defy all the corroding touches of time. Brighter is it than the glean of marble statues, higher is it than any sculptured shafts of stone, more enduring than granite pile, or all the pomp of earthly honor. \* \* \*

Third. But is Miss McCoy really dead? She, whose Christian character and benefactions that are yet so richly to bless the world, is she really shut up in the cold walls of the grave? Ah, no. Death never comes to souls like hers. In her consecration of wealth to Christ's cause she has abolished death. Her body will waste away in the grave, but she will never die.

After all, say what we will, this is the only kind of life that ennobles the earth. After all, of what avail is wealth if it be not dedicated to the honor of God, and to the betterment of dying humanity?

While the earth shall remain, this one life will live on in constantly increasing proportions, to better all who yet shall live. Its light shall not be dimmed by the darkness of death, for it is as immortal as are the souls of those who are yet to be helped by it.

Farewell, dear sister, for a little while! \* \* \*
Thou hast at last entered into rest—that rest of
Heaven prepared for souls like thine. No messenger
of wasting disease shall ever trouble thee again. No

hand of death shall ever smite thee any more. Thou art at rest, while we watch and wait and toil in the affairs of earth. To-day we lift our longing eyes to that celestial home into which thou hast gone, and while we look, may we also pray, "Lord Jesus, give us many more such lives, and imbue us with a vastly increased love for Thee, and consecration to Thy Cause, so that the uppermost desire of all our hearts shall be to glorify Thy Holy Name."

On Sunday afternoon, at four o'clock, February 28, 1892, services of a memorial nature were held in the First Baptist Church of Dallas.

Two memorial windows had been placed in the church; one to the name of Deacon John Knepfly, and the other one by Miss Eliza McCoy to the name of her brother, John C. McCoy.

The rich, mellow light of the afternoon sun, streaming through the many colors of the beautiful windows, produced a most exquisite effect.

The services consisted of personal reminiscences of those three worthy individuals. Many beautiful tributes were paid to their memory. Several very intimate friends spoke of the sterling worth of their noble characters. This testimony denotes the esteem in which the speakers held the many inspiring qualities of the departed. To be remembered by what we have done is not to die. The immortality of a good name is a most worthy heritage.

At the Sonthern Baptist Theological Seminary the memorial services were of special interest, as appears from the successive papers.

The first address was made by Rev. F. H. Kerfoot, D.D., of that Seminary, who spoke as follows:

It is my privilege this morning to call attention to one of the noble women of earth-rather she was of earth, but now she is one of the saints in Heaven. I refer to Miss Eliza McCov, who died in Dallas, Texas, on the 8th of November, 1891. It was our purpose to have held, long before this, memorial services in honor of our departed sister; and especially in recognition of her high appreciation and kind remembrance of our Seminary; but circumstances have hitherto hindered. I am glad, however, that we can this morning, in connection with our missionary services, endeavor to give some expression to the esteem in which we held her, and to the affection with which we cherish her memory. My special part in these exercises will be to call attention to some of the facts connected with her noble life, especially the great fact of her munificent gift to our institution.

Others will speak of the bearings of these facts, and no doubt utter fitting words of praise for one who has so nobly filled life's highest mission. At the age of thirty-one she went as a missionary teacher to the Indians, in what was then the distant and dangerous far West. To go to the Indians as she went, called then for as much heroism and sacrifice as are now called for, perhaps, to go as a missionary to any heathen field. For about nine years she labored for those whom she felt were heathen, robbed and oppressed by our Christian civilization. After that service she felt the call of duty to return and spend her time in ministering to those who were of her own flesh and blood. Her father needed her care. Then she felt it her duty to help in the education of some near relatives at Franklin College, Indiana. During all this time her heart was larger far than her purse. But to the extent of her ability she gave not only of her time but also of her means, One little circumstance will show what was then the spirit within her. One of her brothers had bought, at a time of great depression, some railroad stock. In an off-hand way he gave it to his sister Eliza. It turned out afterwards that this stock rose wonderfully in value. \* \* \* On one occasion an appeal was being made for Franklin College. She subscribed a large part of all that she had. Her brother, who had given her the stock, was rather provoked when he

heard of it, and said to her: "I gave you that stock just for your own pleasure, and comfort, and benefit, and for nothing else." Her reply was, with tears in her eyes: "Well, brother, if you gave it to me for my own pleasure and comfort, I have used it in the way that gave me more pleasure and comfort than any other way would have done." \* \* \*

She was invited by her brother, Col. John C. McCoy, to make her home with him in Dallas, Texas. We are not told just why she decided to go. But anyone who knows how such a heart as hers could yearn over a beloved and unconverted brother will believe that back of all other reasons was hidden in her heart the hope and prayer that somehow God would use her to bring that dear, unconverted brother to the Savior. When she went to Dallas her brother was very far from being a Christian, \* \* \* Faithfully did the devoted sister live out her Christian life before him, without censure or faultfinding on her part, and earnestly did she watch over him, and care for him, and carry him to a throne of grace in her prayers. At last, after long years of waiting, her prayers were answered, and she saw him hopefully converted. And from that time until his death, she lived with him and ministered to him as a sister in Christ also, At his death, which occured in 1887, she found that he had left her nearly all of his estate, which was worth about fifty thousand dollars. From this time began her munificent contributions to the cause of Christ. \* \* \*

She lived in a most simple and mostentatious way in order that she might have the more to give away. \* \* \* She thus lived that she might not have to say no to the many worthy appeals; every one of which touched her heart. On one occasion she found herself burdened by a large amount of annual taxes upon unproductive property. She found also that by the laws of her state she could so give that property to benevolent purposes that it would be exempt from taxation. She made up her mind to give away that large amount of property. And one of her reasons for so doing was, in order that she might have the amount that she had to raise for taxes upon this property, to bestow upon benevolent objects. The explanation of this consuming desire to give will appear further on. It was during this period of her large benevolence and beneficence that I became acquainted with sister McCoy. Time and again, when I went to Texas for money for the Student's Fund, and for endowment, she had responded. On two different occasions she subscribed each time one hundred dollars. Again, in response to a public appeal she gave five hundred dollars. But in all this time I had never met her. She had not come forward for any personal recognition of her kind assistauce, and in the rush of the public work I had not

known where to find her. But one year ago I was called to Dallas on a very sad mission, and while there she sent me a kind invitation to take tea with her. In the course of the evening the work of the Seminary became the subject of conversation. She was greatly interested in our work. And I ventured the suggestion before leaving, as to whether or not, among all her large benefactions, which I knew she had in mind, the Seminary was not worthy of a place. After my return home I wrote a letter, calling her special attention to the work of the Seminary, and to our prospects for enlarged usefulness, and to our great need now of friends who could do large things in the way of equipping us for our work. The following letter will show the spirit in which she met my solicitations far better than any words of mine:

DALLAS, TEXAS, March 23, 1891.

DEAR BROTHER KERFOOT: Yours of the 7th inst. reached me some days ago, but it was so hard for me to give a discouraging reply that I have waited until now. The Waco folks are pressing their claims, and Franklin feels that they have a double claim. But I want to do what is for the greatest good. It is, in my judgment, all one cause, and whatever will most advance that cause is what I desire to do. Franklin is dear to me. My father made long rides over bad roads, and spent many anxious hours between hope

and fear, in assisting in the founding of that college. Yet I want duty, and not feeling, to control me. But now I will have to say that for the present I can not promise anything definite. Present promises have to be met. But I will think and pray over the subject.

May the blessing of kind Providence ever be with you, and bless all who are engaged in His work.

Very kindly, E. McCoy.

In reply to this letter from her, I assured her that I did not wish in any way to interfere with anything that she might feel it her duty or privilege to do for any other institution. But, at the same time, I asked her earnestly to take our Seminary in as one of the objects for her liberality. All that I asked was, that she would give us the place which she thought we might well ask to hold among the various agencies for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom.

To this letter I never received a reply. It happened, in the providence of God, that I was asked by the First Church in Dallas to preach for them at the dedication of their church in June, 1891, and for a week following. At every service sister McCoy was present. At the close of the last sermon she came to the pulpit and asked me to call and see her the next day. I went, and then she told me that she had not answered my last letter because she had not

known how to answer it. She told me that the Seminary had been growing upon her greatly ever since I had written to her, and that she had made up her mind to do something for it, and wanted to talk with me upon the subject. She then, as she advised with me, gave me what I conceive to be the secret of her self-denying and splendid liberality. She said: "For years I prayed for the conversion of my brother; I begged God, too, that He might lead him to use his property for the glory of God. But he was not converted until a few years before his death, and it seemed to me that my prayers were not answered in full. And yet I have thought, too, that it may have been God's way of answering my prayers, to put my brother's property into my hands to use as I had wanted him to use it. And when it came to be mine, upon my knees I vowed to God to use it all, as nearly as I could, just as I could have wished my brother to have used it. And I do want to be true to that vow." There is the secret of it all. She received that property as a trust, and not as her own. In the conversation I said: "Sister McCov, if that has been your feeling, what better could you do with a portion of that property than to endow a school in our Seminary in the name of your brother? Thus, while the institution stands, the principal of it can never be touched, but the interest will be used in the cause of educating men to preach the gospel. And the money

which you wanted him to use for God's glory will be used in connection with his name directly towards helping to maintain the cause of Christ." She asked me carefully, how much it would take. I told her thirty thousand dollars, to endow a school. She thought the matter over for a while, and at last said: "I will do that." Before I left, she gave me a paper in which she bound herself and her estate, in case of her death, to give the amount named, to endow a school in the Seminary in the name of her brother, Col. John C. McCoy, for the glory of God, and the good of men. Only the night before her death was she able to sign the deed which put our Seminary in possession of this large amount of property.

The following letter will explain the cause of the delay, and show how anxious she was to carry out this engagement during her life-time. It will also show her exceeding conscientiousness in keeping, to the letter, every engagement that she made:

DALLAS, TEXAS, October 24, 1891. Dr. F. H. Kerfoot.

DEAR BROTHER: Yours of the 19th came a few days since. I do want the deed to those lots made, and have the matter settled. I have suffered no little anxiety about it, and would feel that a great burden was removed if it were satisfactorily arranged.

Property has fallen so much in value that the lots once valued from \$1,000 to \$1,500 would not sell for that much now; and as I have designated those lots, and have no others for that, I had thought it might be better to leave all until a final settlement would be made. And then I thought as you had offered to give a bond at a certain per cent., it might be well to make the deed and take a bond, and give the interest to make up what the property might fall short. Now what is right and just in the sight of Him whom I do want to honor with what He has placed in my possession? There are other pledges binding, and dear to my heart, and I want all carried out, and they will be, if I have not been more hasty than prudent in giving those promises.

Mr. McCoy, who is my attorney, has just returned with his sick wife, and is now crowded with business that accumulated in his absence. I am waiting with impatience till he can find time to attend to this business, and then we will do so as soon as we can. I hope in a week or two he will have leisure.

Very kindly,

E. McCoy.

In closing this sketch I feel that it is due to sister McCoy, and due also those in whom she placed her confidence, to notice the fidelity with which her wishes were carried out in the distribution of her

estate. \* \* \* She believed that her wishes would be respected. It is due those whom she thus trusted to say that nowhere in all her wide connections has there appeared aught else than a desire to carry out her wishes. And this, notwithstanding the fact that in addition to this large gift of thirty thousand dollars to our Seminary she gave practically the whole remainder of her estate, something like sixty thousand dollars more, to benevolent objects. It was her nephew, John M. McCoy, Esq., to whom she refers in the last letter, who prepared the deed that conveyed her large gift to our Seminary, and obtained her signature the night before her death. When she suggested that she would sign it the next morning, he, knowing that the next day was Sunday, and that her life hung as it were by a thread, told her that she had better sign \* On going to Dallas to receive the property every one of the relatives was as cordial as any one could possibly be, and did all in their power to make it pleasant for me. This honorable conduct on the part of her connections is alike a testimony to the good judgment of our sister in the confidence that she reposed; and another brilliant page in the already honorable history of the McCoy family. May God give to the world many more such as these.

The following is the address of Rev. W. H. Whitsitt, D.D.:

Shortly after entering upon the management of the Student's Fund four years ago I had the happiness to receive a letter from Miss McCoy with an inclosure of one hundred dollars. A year later the favor was repeated without solicitation on my part. My first visit to Texas occurred in the autumn of 1890, when I went to attend the session of the Baptist State Convention at Waxahachie. There was a large convocation, and she was one of the prominent figures. On the second day I had the honor to dine with her at the house of a friend. Last year, when the Baptists of Texas assembled for the great meeting at Waco, she was not present. \* \* \* At the instance of Dr. Kerfoot I broke my journey at Dallas, and remained long enough to pay her a visit in her palatial home. There were indications of weakness but no suggestions of decay. Her mind was clear, her conversations were entertaining, and her spirit was cheerful. The impressions conveyed to my mind by these brief interviews were lasting and pleasing. I was convinced that she was in many ways an extraordinary character. She possessed the grace of benignity in a marked degree; her gentleness and sympathy were apparent to all, but these were coupled with a dignity that became her too well to allow the thought that it was a matter of cultivation. It was natural, innate. She was a queenly woman. The Baptists of Texas have in their ranks many

women of splendid powers and position, but I fancy that Eliza McCoy was in the lead of all her sisters. It is a matter of congratulation that they should have such an ornament to make their boast of. Miss McCoy was also a person of unusual intelligence, but this did not stand alone in her composition; it was coupled with great wisdom. We sometimes say to our children, it is a fine point to be smart, but it is far better to be sensible. Her character was laid upon a broad structure of sound sense; of right views of life. She had enjoyed a long and varied experience. Her observation was keen and discriminating; her interest was always broadly awake. \* \* seldom encounter a mind of keener insight and more balanced judgment. Another prominent item was her simplicity; it was as transparent as the light, and encountered you at every turn. But it was not a mark of weakness; on the contrary, it was coupled with a degree of strength that always commanded respect. \* \* \* She marked out her course and pursued it with a resolution that was persistent and unbending. The chief element of all was the sincere and deep devoutness of her temper. Above every thing she was simply and fervently pious. Nor was her piety of the kind that contents itself with edifying emotions; it was coupled with self-sacrifice. She was deeply consecrated. Many of us imagine that if large means were bestowed upon us we should be

greatly generous; it would be our delight to aid many enterprises that now lie near our hearts. If by any chance our dreams should be fulfilled, we are too prone to forget our generous purposes. The sense of possession is so strong and precious that we cling to our treasures and forget our generosity. Dr. Jeter struck the mark on one occasion, when, in a private letter to Dr. Broadus, he exclaimed: "I wish that I had a hundred thousand dollars to give to the Seminary; but if I had it, I am not sure that I would give it." Possibly there are many others who could not abide such a test. Miss McCoy, however, endured that test in a brilliant fashion. The large means that came into her hands were treated as a sacred trust. Nothing was wasted upon pleasure; upon every penny was inscribed "Holiness to the Lord," The most earnest exertions of her closing years were devoted to the elaboration of plans by which it might be profitably bestowed. One of the marvels of our Baptist life is the example of the Baptists of Texas; their zeal and enterprise and success are the admiration of their brethren in every other state. But among all the Baptists of Texas none went beyond Miss McCoy in consecration, and a devout purpose to promote the interests of real piety. I congratulate the Baptists of Texas that their annals are adorned by such a character and career. I rejoice that her name and that of her brother shall be linked for all time with our Seminary of Biblical learning. May the offering she has made become a blessing to our people, and always promote the glory of God. We are proud and grateful for many signal blessings that have come to us in the history of our institution. The favor of the Lord has been marked in various directions; but we owe more thanks for our friends and benefactors, I presume, than for almost anything else. I love to take down the books and read over the list of names; it is valuable material for edification. Many of the most precious saints of God are inscribed there, and among them all none possesses more weight and worth than the name of Eliza McCoy:

The following selection is from a paper presented by Rev. A. J. Harris, who is a student in the Seminary from Texas:

\* \* \* Miss McCoy was indeed a thoughtful, godly woman. She took a calm survey of the intellectual activity of her age; and seeing the wheels red from the rapidity of its movements, she thought deeply as she looked out upon the rapid, restless, bustling age. \* \* \* After quiet and honest thought she placed her noble gift in the hands of the authorized agents, to be used for the cause of Christian culture. We bless God for her life of use-

fulness, and her example of thoughtfulness. May the teachers of this institution be true to the trust thus imposed. And may it be a delightful reflection to those of us who enjoy her generous gifts to this institution, so dear to our hearts, to recall the deeds of this noble, thoughtful, Christian woman.

The following is taken from the paper of Rev. D. H. LeSueur, another student from Texas:

It may seem to some who are here that we are copying too much after the world in thus honoring the memory of a fellow creature, who simply lived her life, performed the duties allotted to her on the world's great stage of action, and then at God's call vielded up her spirit. \* \* \* It is a noble principle, implanted in our breasts by the Father Himself, to honor, in a quiet and becoming way, the memory of those whose characters were such that they might be held up before others as worthy of emulation, and their acts as worthy of imitation. The Bible itself furnishes many examples of the right use of this principle, and of the good results flowing therefrom. If it were not for this, what would we know of all those grand men and women whose lives are pictured forth so beautifully for our study and encouragement? \* \* \* What would we know of the good and great of all ages, who, by their having lived, have helped to relieve suffering, extend the knowledge of the truth, elevate their fellowmen, and exalt on high the Cross of the Redeemer? So, in accordance with this innate principle, and in harmony with the examples given us in the Word Divine, we come to-day to do honor to one whose life, though quiet and unobtrusive, was an example of unfeigned piety, Christian devotedness, and full of good deeds. It was not my good fortune to know Miss McCoy personally, but for several years I have heard of her gifts to the cause of Christ, which have caused her name to be mentioned in a reverent and affectionate manner throughout the great state in which she lived. She held the things committed to her care as a good steward, realizing that they belonged to Him who had redeemed her with His own blood; and her desire was that she might so use that that had been entrusted to her that her Lord, when He came, might say: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hath been faithful; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." It was for this reason that she gave so largely of her estate to the endowment of a school in this Seminary; to help towards making suitable arrangements where those who should feel themselves called to proclaim the everlasting gospel might better prepare themselves to preach it in its simplicity, its purity, and its power. Let us, then, brethren, remember with reverence and gratitude the name of her who remembered the cause of the young preachers in their need, and let us resolve to be more faithful in improving the opportunities which her beneficence helped so largely to attain and perpetuate; that through us she may assist more largely and successfully in preaching the gospel she so much loved to a dying world. And may no teaching ever go forth from the school endowed by her beneficence which would bring a blush of shame to her cheek were she living, nor a throb of pain to her glorified spirit, nor to that Master whose she was and whom she served.

Mr. C. W. Chadwick, also a student in the Seminary from Dallas, Texas, spoke as follows:

Miss McCoy's life was a noble one, an example of practical piety, earnest consecration, and fervent zeal.

\* \* \* That spirit of consecration which seemed to those who knew her to be entire and so manifest in her work among the Indians was shown always in her after life. \* \* She was always active in church work, even up to a few weeks before her death. \* \* In the Missionary Society she helped by her counsel and by practical experience; in the Industrial Society she helped the poor, the needy, the destitute. \* \* Let no one think that while Miss McCoy gave largely it was because she was able thus to give, and still have much left. Hers was real giving. Haying

given her life to Christ, as long as she lived she used her money for Him. Always a regular attendant at the church services, the pastor felt that he had a real helper in her simple presence, her attentive listening, and the powerful influence of her practical life. Her life was a witness to the power of God's grace. \* Many a woman with privileges equal to Miss McCov's has lived with no purpose. When the life is gone, the woman is forgotten. Practical piety and zeal give a splendor to character and a charm to personal influence. We meet occasionally some noble, Christian person whose very presence is an inspiration to live a better life. How familiar to us is the face of our honored professor, lately taken from us; how familiar that sweet, indescribable charm that spoke so plainly of real piety and consecrated zeal. Of a like charm was the face of Miss McCoy. \* Let us thank God for such a life, and pray that many more such choice, sanctified spirits may be given to us.

The closing address was delivered by Dr. John A. Broadus, D.D., President of the Seminary, with his usual emphasis.

The money given to establish and maintain institutions of higher education constitutes the most permanent of all forms of financial investment. Take the whole history of mediæval and modern Europe and you find that amid whatsoever changes of Government, and all the desolations of war, scarcely a single one of all the great educational establishments has been destroyed or materially damaged. University of Paris might seem to be an exception, but Napoleon really made out of it something far more potent and useful in the same direction. Then, if persons wish to invest their acquired or inherited property in a form eminently useful, and likely to remain undiminished for ages to come, they can find nothing more suitable than the endowment of some institution of learning. For untold centuries after the giver has passed away the income of such a gift will still be doing service in the enlightenment and elevation of mankind. Many good and thoughtful women, like her of whom we are thinking, have seen the propriety and promise of such investments in schools of sacred learning. As a devout woman listens to fervid preaching, or bends over the inspired page at home, and her heart glows with a desire to help the triumphs of the gospel, she may find many openings for doing so that will suggest no conflict whatever with the teachings of the inspired apostle. How many a minister draws his own best earthly inspiration from the gentle but potent influence of mother, wife or daughter. How great is the charm of religious conversation when conducted with feminine tact and really fervent devoutness. And no small part of our foremost educational endowments comes from the generous gifts of Christian women. Let me earnestly remind my colleagues and the students that we who live and work together in an endowed institution owe something more than expressions and sentiments of gratitude to the benefactors who have furnished the endowment. We owe it to them, to the living, and to the memory of the departed, to prosecute thoroughly and faithfully the labors which their generosity has given us the opportunity to undertake. It would be rank ingratitude if we should waste the time or fall short of our utmost endeavor to profit by the advantages which they have afforded us. And let us remember that these good men and women have not simply wished us to be eagerly studious, bending all our energies to the acquisition of mental discipline and varied general knowledge, but they have still more desired that we should be deeply devout men, encompassing the whole institution with an atmosphere of devotion. enkindling in ourselves and in each other an ardent zeal for the salvation of sinners, and the glory of Christ. Profoundly interested as we have been in the accounts this day given of our wise and generous sister, let us add the remembrance of all the Seminary's benefactors throughout its history, and seek by God's blessing to fill the remainder of this session, and of our appointed time on earth, with the most earnest efforts to do our whole duty as men and as ministers.

### CONCLUSION.

THUS closes the history of this noble life. The devotion herein expressed was most constant and aggressive. Like the sun, it shines with dazzling radiance into the lonely places of earth.

The most prominent feature of the life thus memorialized, was practical Christianity. This element resulted, in part, from her extended experience. The Heavenly message instilled into her young life never lost any of its charm. It was not difficult for her to conform to it, since she had been transformed by it. The religion that filled her life so full of the beautiful is the common heritage of all. The crystal water and sacred manna that supplied the feast for her soul are still undiminished. We learn by example. Here is a typical life; a true pattern, fashioned after the life of her Master. May its lessons be well learned. All praise to Him who gave to the world this consecrated life. To His name be all the glory.

## ADDENDUM.

LINES COMPOSED BY REV. ISAAC M'COV WHILE CON-TEMPLATING MISSIONARY WORK AMONG OUR INDIANS.

In more than common pensive mood, As all alone I sat, Two men imagination viewed, Nor this I knew nor that. At first they were obscurely seen, Anon they drew quite near, One asked the other where he'd been, And I resolved to hear.

"I'm traveling through the world," he said, "To instruct the savage mind, To teach the poor to earn their bread, The wealthy to be kind: To show the blind the living way, To set the wanderer right; To make the sportive quit their play, The wicked to do right: To beat the swords to pruning hooks, That bloody wars may cease; To fill the world with holy books, Jerusalem with peace; To liberate the abject slave, To give the gasping breath; To disappoint the boasting grave, And starve voracious death."

The other, with sarcastic smile, Said, "Sir, you've much to do." (I listened closely all the while) Indeed I thought so too. But still his mind seemed firmly fixed, I read it in his eyes, And as if grieved and almost vexed He sternly did reply:

"Yes, sir, 'tis great things I attempt, And great things hope to do; They would be less were earth exempt From infidels like you."

"Don't blame my unbelief," he said,

"Since what you now propose
Was never done since earth was made,
Or man to being rose."

"And what of that? Jehovah's arm Admits of no control; He promised (and He will perform) To execute the whole."

"Aye, true; God must the work begin, And God the work must do; In saving men from death and sin, He'll not ask help from you. Perhaps all nations will repent, And joy like rivers flow, But wait, pray sir, till you are sent, "Twill then be time to go. It is presumption now to start, To go you know not where,
To grieve a tender mother's heart,
Or drive her to despair.
Your children will, like fugitives,
Be left in heathen lands,
Like slaves to spend their wretched lives,
Or worse employ their hands.
Amidst a scene of wretchedness
Your life will terminate,
And in some howling wilderness
Your widow mourn her fate."

And now I saw the briny tear Come trickling down the cheek Of him, who felt his children dear. At length he tried to speak:

"In Thee, Oh God, is all my might,"
He spake with faltering tongue;
"I trust that The mail to mile."

"I trust that Thou wilt guide me right, If I should now be wrong."

And as he raised his prayer to heaven, Joy sparkled from his eyes, As if his God a smile had given That moment from the skies. "Myself, my family, my all,"

Said he, "are no more mine.

I have resigned them at Thy call,
My God, they all are Thine."

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